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IN DEFENCE OF FREEDOM

REPORTS of German military dispositions in the north of France, of concentrations of troops and of the requisitioning of railway traffic and the division of Northern France into military areas suggest that Britain must remain resolutely on guard against the invasion that is still possible at any time this summer. The public, cheered by the large measure of success of the R.A.F. in defending convoys in the Channel, waits with confidence an attempted invasion, heavier raids or other means of frightfulness. Meanwhile, we are engaged in another battle for freedom—the political battle on the Home Front. During a period of national danger, it is inevitable that the War Office, and perhaps some of those other secret committees which the Prime Minister tells us are essential for our security, should tend to regard with suspicion people of foreign nationality or people whose opinions they do not regard as "true blue." The example of France shows the disastrous consequence of this attitude. There must, of course be secrecy in the investigation and control of Fifth Column activities, but a sharp distinction must be drawn between such Secret Service work and any attempt to muzzle public opinion or to use this crisis to suppress responsible criticism of the Government. Already the treatment of anti-Nazi refugees in this country has done much to discredit Britain's claim to stand for European liberation, but there has been a welcome refusal in Parliament and the press to accept the thesis that public morale is to be sustained by petty prosecutions, by governmental activity and by locking up those who have most reason for hating the Nazis. The opposite principle is the right one. The Government will retain national confidence if it provides positive proof of efficiency, encourages legitimate criticism and states the cause for which we are fighting in constructive terms which give the ordinary man hope for the future of this country and of Europe.

Parliament and the press have both done much to preserve freedom during the last fortnight. Mr. Churchill abandoned with good grace the disastrous idea of a Silent Column, and the policy of petty prosecution for discouraging remarks has been discontinued. There are, however, still too many foolish prosecutions, usually on the disingenuous ground of "insulting words and behaviour." Some of these should be revised along with that of the old gentleman who was imprisoned for having doubts about victory. Mr. Churchill was less happy, in our view, in using his parliamentary experience and his political ascendancy to procure that the debate on Tuesday was held in secret session. There are special occasions when secret sessions are desirable, but there have already been more secret sessions in this war than they were in the four years of the last war, and if the habit of secret sessions grows the public may lose the sense of Parliament as its watchdog against arbitrary authority. Nothing could be worse than a cleavage between the public and the Government. The successful working of our democracy depends on the relations of the Government, Parliament, the people, the press and the B.B.C. and the Ministry of Information. The Government should not allow itself to appear even for a moment as an aloof and remote High Command over whose actions common people feel they have no effect. There must not develop a division between "we," the people, and "they," the governmental machine.

But the press and Parliament are both very incomplete spokesmen of the public. Neither M.P.s nor journalists show common sense in attacking the Ministry of Information (vulnerable at so many other points) because it attempts to keep in touch with movements of opinion by the well-tried method of the statistical survey. Five years have passed since the last general election and there is no prospect of another in the near future; immense events have happened since our present M.P.s were elected to preserve Collective Security under the leadership of Mr. Baldwin! Every day social innovations are made of the first importance: very properly the Ministry and the Cabinet desire to be acquainted with the public reception of such changes. What could be more unreal than the *Daily Telegraph's* remark that "in spite of the suspension of public meetings and by-elections, public opinion in this country is still capable of declaring itself on the things that matter, without any house-to-house canvass." How can it "declare itself"? There is nothing "inquisitorial" in the technique of the statistical survey, which has long been developed

in the U.S.A. and which has become a popular feature of American democracy. The real dangers to liberty are to be found elsewhere.

One effect of this rumpus about the Ministry of Information has been to draw attention away from the Swinton Committee about which the Prime Minister still thinks it unwise to give any information to the House of Commons and the public. We believe that Mr. Churchill misunderstands the purpose of the inquiries of Mr. G. Strauss and others. None of us wants to know secrets about measures necessary for defence. But if Mr. Churchill now informs us that a prominent Trade Union leader has become a member of this Committee, can he not, with equal safety, tell us the rest of the personnel and explain, as Mr. Strauss suggested, whether this Committee is attached to any governmental department? Mr. Strauss then asked how long the Trade Union leader "has been a member of this Committee; and whether this Committee is in any way responsible for the police searches which are going on in many parts of the country in homes of Labour and Trade Union officials." Pulled up by the Speaker, Mr. Strauss asked the Prime Minister whether "he approves of the prohibition which has gone out that no newspapers may mention this Committee without special permission"? The Prime Minister replied that he did approve and was surprised that questions should be asked after the Government statement that the information would not be in the public interest. But neither Mr. Strauss nor we are anxious for any secret information. It is part of Mr. Churchill's strength that he appreciates the importance of taking the public into his confidence. Surely he must understand that Mr. Strauss is right in suggesting that where there is "public uneasiness" about a secret committee, the path of wisdom would be to give inform. ation about its constitution, personnel and the general nature of its functions.

The Other Cheek for Japan

The decision to yield in the matter of the Burma road instantly produced the result that every student of the Japanese mind expected. The Konoye Government announced that a British network of espionage covered the country, and it proceeded to arrest eleven leading men from the business community, including Captain James, the representative of the strongly pro-Japanese F.B.I. The police seem to have applied their customary technique of investigation to the persons of their prisoners, for Mr. Cox, Reuter's correspondent, was driven to suicide by leaping from a third-storey window. Were others, as one fears, forcibly restrained from yielding to this temptation? Lord Halifax has told the Japanese Ambassador that he takes "a serious view" of this outrage: others of us take an equally serious view of the conduct of foreign policy which has brought us to this pass. This is the climax to a long series of outrages at Tientsin and elsewhere, including a machine-gun attack on our Ambassador to China. In those days we were not involved in war in Europe, and if we failed to resent these provocations, it was because our ruling class wished to direct Japan's aggressions against Russia. It is probable that the arrest and, apparently, even the torture of leading English residents in Japan is a prelude to action with a wider scope. Our Ambassador in Tokio had bluntly inquired from Mr. Matsuoka whether Japan is now revolving round the Axis and obtained no reply. The Chinese Government's version of the peace terms just offered it are not encouraging. To compensate it for the loss of the five northern provinces, it was offered Burma, French Indo-China and Siam, if it would submit itself to Wang-Ching-Wei's puppet administration. The crucial question is, of course, how the United States would react to an open attempt by the Japanese to liquidate the British and French empires in Further Asia. Washington was not prepared to help before the Burma road surrender; since then, however, the export of oil and scrap iron to Japan and Spain has been forbidden and an embargo has been placed on aviation spirit.

A Balkan Settlement?

The Ministers of Rumania, Bulgaria and Slovakia have now returned to their capitals after receiving their orders from Hitler and Von Ribbentrop. Rumania has been given, it is said, six weeks in which to satisfy the appetities of her neighbours. But Hungary may not be content with the small strip of Transylvania assigned to her, even if its tangled populations are exchanged. It is rumoured that she will be required at the same time to surrender her recent acquisition of Ruthenia to the Slovaks in order to provide the Germans with a safe road into Rumania. The Bulgars, it seems, are to get back their old territory in the Southern Dobrudja. The idea is to consolidate a block of States dependent on Germany, namely, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, which will resist Russian pressure. It does not look like a happy or congenial team. The Russians are, moreover, using two levers, Panslavism and Communism, to break it up. The recent riots in Rumania, cruelly suppressed by massacre, may have been an incipient radical revolt. The Russians keep up their pressure on King Carol by calling for the return of railway rolling stock evacuated from Bessarabia. It is also believed that they may encourage the Bulgars to take the whole Dobrudja, which would give them a common frontier with Russia, shut off Rumania from the sea, and close the mouth of the Danube, which the Nazis regard as a German river. It is hard to believe that Stalin would challenge Hitler so directly, but it may be the purpose of Russian policy to share with the friendly Turks the control of the Black Sea and the Dardanelles.

Our Chance in India

The full committee of the Indian National Congress, consisting of several hundred delegates, met at Poona over the week-end and cleared out of the way one of the obstacles to India's wholehearted participation in the war. Mr. Gandhi and the stricter pacifists who would oppose even Nazis with non-resistance, were proved to be a minority. But another obstacle remains. The main body will not throw itself into the struggle for freedom until India effectively enjoys national self-determination. This is, we believe, the sense of their claim to "independence." Specifically what they ask is that a provisional national Government be formed now: that it shall be responsible to the elected members of the All-India Legislative Council, and that it shall direct India's war-effort. It would also work out the future constitution of India, over which it would, we presume, negotiate with the British Government. These are, to our thinking, entirely reasonable conditions, which would at once rally all India to our support. The most popular of the Sikh leaders declared that he could raise a force of a million Sikhs, if they were granted. This estimate may be sanguine, but even a quarter of a million Sikhs would make a formidable army. It is highly improbable that even the Muslim League would hold out if these terms were publicly offered to India. Leading Muslims would, of course, be included in the Government. It is unintelligible to us that a handful of reactionaries in London can hold up a chance of reconciling India, that would raise our moral standing at once in the eyes of enlightened men the world over, more especially in America.

Czechoslovakia as an Ally

Great Britain has at last recognised the Czechoslovak Provisional Government. A ten months' long chapter of Habsburg myths, queasy intrigues and discreditable evasions has ended. The recognition was announced in the House of Commons on the afternoon of Budget day, immediately before Sir Kingsley Wood's speech. No nation had a better right to full Allied status. In France the Czechoslovak army and air force fought until the end. In the Protectorate seven million people, disarmed but united, disciplined and organised, have immobilised a German army of 300,000 men ever since war broke out. Each man, woman and child is a propagandist for Great Britain, spreading forbidden news, and demoralising and harassing the Germans: the Mayor, who pins up a British leaflet on the village notice-board with the inscription: "It is forbidden to pick these up," the school children who, ordered by the German police to gather up the leaflets from the streets, learn them by heart; the peasant women who take them to market in the neighbouring town, so that after every R.A.F. raid the whole country knows by noon the "message from the moon." Our blockade frightens the Czechs only because they do not think it severe enough—they do not yet see any results. To increase its effects groups in several towns have pledged themselves to eat as much as possible of the unrationed foodstuffs, so as to diminish the stocks and deprive the Germans of them, or to smoke more cigarettes so that more tobacco has to be imported, using up valuable

rolling stock and *Devisen*. Šoejkisin—that legendary Czech mixture of literal obedience and quiet, relentless sabotage which loses a vital tool, or misunderstands a vital order, or forgets to turn off a petrol tap—has reduced the output in the factories by 25 per cent., in spite of all the Germans can threaten. If this is not an Allied nation, then the word "ally" has no longer any meaning, and it is to be hoped that the "questions arising out of this recognition which require settlement" to which Lord Halifax referred in his letter to President Beneš will be rapidly settled.

The Refugee Problem

Elsewhere we give some account of the sufferings inflicted on this country's defenceless guests by the wholesale internment policy and argue that to enlarge the categories available for release is not enough. So long as the Government adheres to the policy, there are a number of minor reforms which the Home Office, now that it has control of the camps and of the refugees outside the camps, might well consider. In the first place the Nazis and anti-Nazis must once and for all be segregated. Secondly, the delay between the signing of a release and its fulfilment should be removed. In the third place, a responsible person should be appointed by the Home Office to live permanently in each camp and give advice on all legal problems. In the fourth place, newspapers, wireless and books should be made available in all camps and permission given for lectures in German which are now forbidden. Lastly, transportation of anti-Nazi refugees should in all cases be voluntary, and be arranged as far as possible by families.

How We Shall Win

Federal Union's new pamphlet, *How We Shall Win*, is an admirable bit of work on the method of organising an anti-Nazi revolution. How far the authorities are from grasping this idea! If the Government had been willing, for instance, to use the revolutionary appeal to the French sailors and soldiers, we would have by now a small French fleet and a French army at our disposal. There is a universal agreement that the officers were mostly pro-Pétain and doped with anti-Bolshevist propaganda; and there are many competent observers who are convinced that some quiet work on the lower deck and among the private soldiers could have worked wonders. Such methods, however, were ruled out, and all negotiations, both in the case of the army and of the navy, took place between officers only. Indeed, anyone who tried to get in contact with the men was in danger of arrest as a Communist agitator. The result was that the morale of the men was rotted day by day by their contact with defeatist officers, who in many cases successfully prevented even the distribution of leaflets giving the terms of the capitulation, and finally the vast majority decided to go home for the simple reason that the revolutionary alternative had not been presented to them. What is even more disconcerting is to meet influential people who excuse the attitude of the French officers and the French Government, not on the ground that France was defeated (which would not excuse the betrayal of North Africa and the fleet to the Nazis anyway), but on the ground that the alternative was "Bolshevism." This view has been most ably supported by the *Imperial Policy Group* which was notable during the Spanish war for its fervent support of General Franco. Its privately circulated news-letter is still a cleverly written apologia for this kind of "anti-Bolshevism" and the July issue was devoted to an analysis of the French collapse. Blaming the "Communists," for the collapse, the author neatly contrives to create sympathy for the Pétain Government's motives without approving its policy. Unless the British Government clearly and openly adopts the sort of policy outlined in *How We Shall Win*, we shall increasingly find people of property talking in (places where they will not be arrested for "defeatism") about the Pétain alternative and using the same arguments for this country that *Imperial Policy Group* applies to France.

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WHAT FACES AMERICA

How profoundly this war has shaken the leaders of American policy out of their traditional sense of security few observers realised until the State Department called the Pan-American Conference which has just smoothly completed its work at Havana. The early evidences of anxiety that showed themselves in a constantly mounting series of appropriations for rearmament puzzled even Mr. Roosevelt's friends. Were they aimed at Japan, they asked, or were they a provision against unemployment at home? To-day there is no ambiguity. The external policy of the United States, while it aims at giving to our country all the material aid it can organise for our defence, is adjusted to the event that all North America dreads. It understands that the destruction of British sea-power would leave the twenty Latin American republics, incapable singly or collectively of self-defence, exposed to the appetites of a conqueror who would operate with two subject continents as his base. In a flash the more far-sighted have visualised the threat to the unorganised southern half of their hemisphere, if the harbours, islands and airports of Africa should fall under the control of a Power that had monopolised the heavy industry of Europe. Until the other day, Americans were content that the British fleet should be on the Atlantic coasts, the real defender of the Monroe Doctrine. Their own task lay in the Pacific, where their fleet is permanently engaged in watching Japan.

Their first reaction to the terrifying new perspective was to lay down the keels of a second battle-fleet, knowing full well that a capital ship takes four years to build. But the danger was not solely, or even chiefly, from the sea. This comfortable continent awakened overnight to the threat from the air. It was only too easy to imagine the processes of penetration by which some of the southern or central republics might become the advanced bases of a Nazi conquest. In several of them the German population is numerous and influential. In others a native Fascist party, as in Mexico, is on the verge of winning power with German help. All of them, moreover, must look to Europe as the chief market for their coffee, wheat, meat, oil and minerals. But Europe, on the hypothesis of a Nazi victory, will be a single market, bartering machinery and manufactures for these primary products under the tight control of some Dr. Schacht. In these conditions, would it suffice to have even a doubled Navy ready four years hence? In the interval, might not the combined influences of propaganda and intrigue, air power and economic pressure deliver this chaotic continent bound and helpless into Hitler's hands? When, finally, that master of deceptions promised to observe for all time the maxim "America for the Americans," even the Middle West began to fear the worst.

After the capitulation of the French, Washington lost no time in completing and publishing its plans. They were bold and far-sighted. The most urgent need was to provide for the colonies, French, Dutch and Danish, in and round the Caribbean Sea, which were in danger of passing into enemy possession or control. In effect it is the United States that will have to act in that event, but Mr. Cordell Hull, a sincere and distinguished liberal, wisely sought to associate the other republics with his country. Should the occasion arise, these colonies will be taken over by a group of the States assembled at Panama, as trustees acting for Pan-America. The next step was to secure air-bases for the United States at vital points in the whole sub-continent. That is indispensable, if the object be to deter the Nazis and ward off a surprise, but the proposal was bound to excite the traditional Latin jealousy of "Yankee Imperialism," and in fact it has stirred strong opposition, which the Argentine leads. It seems doubtful whether Mr. Hull will get his military airports further south than the Caribbean shores.

Finally, to meet the danger of the economic subjection of the Latin republics, Washington produced one of the most ambitious schemes in world history. It proposed to form a cartel which should market the entire primary production of this continent with the financial backing of the United States. This single strong seller, it was argued, would banish the fear of Nazi political pressure on the isolated producers. North American finance would bear the cost of carrying surplus stocks, and would in effect subsidise the agriculture of half a hemisphere. The material benefits might look dazzling, but the stronger producers, with the Argentine at their head, could not forget that they compete with the farmers of the North; nor did the promise of a full share in the control of the cartel suffice to allay the fear that in fact Wall Street would dominate it. It seems doubtful whether this bold plan has a future.

Broadly, we may say that the Nazi menace could be countered

only by the unification, economic and political, of the two Americas. The epoch of continental unity has been inaugurated by German air-power. The size of the future political unit in the modern world is dictated by the range of bombing planes. No less than Europe can Latin America escape this logic. But it is not apparent that the United States has yet found the technique to achieve the miracle of continental unity. In the economic sense the two Americas are not complementary. Their cultures are far from congenial, nor have they a common political ideology. On the present showing, it seems unlikely that the stronger of the Southern republics can be induced to accept the leadership of the North. What is probable is that the weaker States round the Caribbean Sea may be coaxed or overawed into a limited scheme for the local defence of that region.

If that be all that is certainly feasible in the near future, the strategical picture presented to Americans, if British sea-power can be neutralised or destroyed, is on the soberest view alarming. While Mr. Cordell Hull met his neighbours at Havana, the new totalitarian regime in Tokio was taking the preliminary steps in a policy that seems to aim at the liquidation of the " effete " European empires in Asia. On the assumption of a British defeat, which underlay all the precautions at Havana, Japan's ambitions some months hence will confront America with an Asia dominated by Japan, and acting in close concert with a European African empire united under the Nazis. With the greater part of South America out of control, the United States would become a besieged half-continent, facing a totalitarian world with a fleet that could hold only one ocean at a time, and an air force not yet in being. Its only outworks would be the barbarous and unstable States around the Caribbean.

Let us consider the more favourable view of its prospects in this war of two worlds. The U.S.A. succeeds in making available in time its immense human and natural resources. It beats off the combined attacks of its foes and withstands the siege of its vast fortress. But under no conceivable conditions could it achieve, even for itself, a military decision and a final victory. For no base would be at its disposal in or near Europe from which it could counter-attack.

This analysis leads these Americans who now regard war with the Nazis as sooner or later inevitable, to urge a more clearly defined and drastic policy. They see England as a base, indispensable to America's safety, and they see it still inviolate and defiant. The menace against which Washington is evolving its long-range plans of dubious efficacy can be met, but only if they are faced to-day. If America waits for the realisation of that unwelcome hypothesis which has induced her already to vote unstinted billions, her defences are compromised and her future clouded for decades to come. Some argue, to be sure, that even if she went to war, she could do no more than she is doing in her total unreadiness to-day. Others see that this is a tragic mistake. As a belligerent she could mobilise her industry with an imperious control that she cannot exercise as yet. She could concert in the Far East, not only with the British Empire but with Russia, measures which no neutral may even tentatively discuss. The mere rumour that she was considering belligerency would halt the aggressions of the Japanese. Even more certainly, a public American decision unreservedly to come to the aid of Britain, whether it involved a declaration of war or not, would change the face of Europe overnight. Our island would no longer fight merely for survival. The liberation of the Continent, of which Mr. Churchill speaks, but which is still so imperfectly apprehended by our statesmen, would become a far swifter possibility. America may do more than save herself and us in this war; she may also change its character and bring to the submerged millions of conquered Europe the certainty of resurrection.

FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO

ALTHOUGH the White Paper issued by the Home Office this week lists eighteen categories of refugees who may *apply* for release, internment is still the general rule. It is therefore still important to ask whether the conditions of internment have been sensibly improved. From all the evidence—and we have received literally dozens of letters and memoranda on this subject—this is not as yet the case. There has been some slight improvement in the conditions in some camps, but except in a few isolated cases it has been impossible to obtain releases: and even where " releases " have been obtained, in most cases no release has actually taken place. Perhaps things will be better when the transference of control from the War Office to the Home Office is completed? Perhaps—but only if the facts are understood by the public and unceasing pressure is maintained to end one of the most shameful episodes in the history of this island.

Even now the general public has no clear impression of the conditions of internment and of transportation, as well as of the position of those unfortunate women and children now left totally destitute owing to their husbands' arrests.

First, the conditions in the internment camps themselves. Here we find very considerable variety, ranging from the excellent treatment of the women internees on the Isle of Man to the utter misery of the unfortunates at Huyton, and of the hundreds of refugees in Holloway and Pentonville gaols who are still being treated no whit better than the criminals who share the prisons with them. Even on the Isle of Man there is plenty of evidence of that lack of organisation which is sometimes as cruel as deliberate callousness. One elderly woman internee wanted to get into communication with her son who was also interned on the island. The camp commandant was a kind, elderly woman: her office was a very small room. The elderly internee stood outside the door in a queue for three days in order to send a telegram and then gave up in despair. Lack of organisation is usually automatically explained by the national emergency. Bnt this is a mere excuse. As one of the few who have been released remarked dryly: " Britain intends to reorganise Europe. It is difficult to believe that she will be able to do so if she shows herself totally unable to manage even the comparatively minor problem of sixty thousand refugees." Now after weeks of delay some of the really sick men who were thrown into the unfurnished houses at Huyton and forced to sleep on straw, forbidden to take a bath and deprived of proper medical attention, or even adequate supplies of medicine, are being sent home. It may reasonably be asked why the misery of internment was imposed upon these people against whom there was never any ground for the remotest suspicion of Fascist sympathy or activity. Now after weeks of delay newspapers are allowed in some camps, and in some camps facilities are given for listening to the British news bulletin. It may reasonably be asked why these facilities could not be given in the first instance instead of cutting off German and Austrian exiles from all reliable news during the Flanders campaign and the capitulation of France, and subjecting them to such dreadful rumours that several committed suicide. An internee is now permitted to receive two letters a week and to send two letters a week of not more than 24 lines. It may reasonably be asked why more adequate postal services could not be provided. We are assured that Nazis and anti-Nazis will not now be confined or transported together. This assurance has been given several times previously and we can only note that a report received last week from the Isle of Man described how three women shared one small single room, two passionate anti-Nazis and one Nazi. During the French collapse the anti-Nazis were subjected to a ceaseless flow of confident threats by their room-mate. It is perhaps difficult for the Englishmen in charge of our internment policy to imagine the agony of mind caused by this careless mixing of Nazi and anti-Nazi refugees. To many Civil Servants and War Office officials Germans are just Germans. They cannot grasp the fact that men and women who have suffered the tortures of the concentration camp can honestly say that even that meant less mental misery than confinement in a room with Nazi agitators, in a democratic country which promised them freedom—which they only wished to serve.

Some impression of this agony can be gained from reading the letters and diaries of the internees. Here is one from a German Trade Unionist, vouched for by Transport House, who had been doing valuable work for a Government department before he was taken. He is still interned:

> . . . At last I have found a possible way to let you have a few lines. In —— —— one has robbed us completely, of notepaper, wedding-rings, hair-tonic, all golden things. The food was abominable, one could not buy anything. . . . There was no toilet-paper. On making representations regarding this matter, we were told to fill our tin-plates with water applying it as shower.
>
> . . . We arrived here on the 27th. This is an old camp but too bad to imagine it. Quite a nice housing-estate with a bigger camp. The soil is heavy clay. Everything is new or not yet completed. We are about 16 of us occupying one house, the others in tents. Everybody is supposed to have one strawbag, which, however, is not always possible with newcomers, who then have to sleep on the naked soil in the tent.
>
> Our luggage had been taken away from us and was not given back to us until three days later, so that we had in the meantime no possibility to have a wash. You will imagine what that meant for my teeth. The treatment was very vexatious; it became a bit better, when other officers were in charge, who did not bother at all about us, leaving everything completely to us. We appointed commissions for everything and took over all the trouble of administration.
>
> Then came the time of deportation. For a long time we had already been guessing where the transports which left us went to. It was not until the

Arandora Star sank that we got to know what the game was. Now there was a row. We wired to Mrs. Rathbone, to the Parliament and to the T.U.C. This brought us some rest, but also new officers, who have threatened to deprive us of all privileges, and to take all foodstuff and fruits out of the parcels sent to us. In this case we would refuse any kind of work.

Many of my friends have already been sent overseas. They were not as fortunate as some others who, with the necessary means, were able to provide a substitute, a person who agreed upon being sent in the place of somebody else. I should think that I shall be among the next group to be sent away, but I intend being carried out rather than going without you. . . .

And here are passages from the diary of an Austrian refugee at Huyton :

24.5. Transported to Huyton Camp at 4.15 a.m.

31.5 First telegram from my wife.

16.6 (Sunday.) No hope of consolation. There are only about 800 men left. Therefore little work. Lots of idleness. And longing, longing, longing. On top of all that I live only about 100 feet off the barbed wire and so I am able to watch from the window how husbands and wives with their children enjoy their Sunday afternoon walk in full freedom. This is certainly sadism in its special kind. Ten days without any news. What is the matter? It tortures my brains day and night. I cannot explain; newspapers, etc., are prohibited and therefore we have the most terrifying rumours about the developments of the war. Both telegrams which I received are from London so that I expect that my wife must have been evacuated. I have had no penny for more than a week and crave for cigarettes to-day. I had a terrible night. Yesterday evening it was said that France had given in. We were completely desperate all of us. Two attempted suicides during the night and the Commandant felt compelled to call a general meeting and to make a comforting speech.

20.6. Still no word from my wife. I do not know what to think. I hope the parents have arrived in New York all right. Sent a very energetic letter to my wife to get information about everything. The war situation seems to be better to-day. It is alleged that Russia will send war material to Britain. The people here wither away more and more from day to day. Due partly to the scarcity of food, partly to their worries. How long will all this last? The uncertainty wears us down. In spite of all this I keep up my spirits better than all my colleagues. Many are near to suicide and I have to comfort them all, though I am almost as near to it myself. If I had only some cigarettes, but I do not dare to ask my wife for money, because I do not know whether she has got any.

21.6. The day to-day seems not to end at all. Perhaps because I have been hungry all the time. I have never been so hungry in my life. I hope I will be able to sleep.

23.6. It is 6 weeks to-day that we have been interned. At last an express letter from my wife dated from the 10th. One pound in it.

28.6. All the time new masses of men arrive from London. They also say that the women will be interned, too. We are all more or less depressed. I will have to arrange two shifts for feeding. Prof. Weissenberg, in spite of the fact that he is so seriously ill, called a meeting of the hut-leaders at which the Commandant thanked us for our active and practical assistance, and said that he would be helpless to meet the present situation without our help and that he would do everything in his power to improve our conditions. *Just now 400 new men arrived, among them 65-years-old invalids and cripples whom we have to accommodate in tents on the ground which is still wet from the last rain.* It is a terrible torture for me to have to tolerate all this. Prof. Weissenberg spoke after the Commandant and said that there can be few in such a desperate position as we are. We have no idea of our future. We do not know what happens to our relatives . . . He could not continue because of a complete nervous breakdown; we had to carry him away.

2.7. The catastrophe has come. A certain Mr. Schiff has committed suicide in the cloakroom. It has gripped us all. For a minute we stood still in memory of him before sitting down for lunch. We are now very much afraid that this will start an epidemic. Will we fall into the hands of Hitler again? What is happening to our wives, children and parents? Will we never get out of this situation unworthy of a human being?

3.7. 690 men have been sent away to an unknown destination this morning. All of them single, between 20–40 years old. Many say that they will be sent to Canada, others that they might go to the Isle of Man or to the Shetland Islands. There are the most terrifying rumours about the methods of driving them on to the ship. I am afraid that the only effect will be new attempts of suicides. It is really a very foolish idea not to tell people the destination of their voyage. They are all completely confused. A Mr. S. got a parcel from his wife with a tin of cocoa. At first we did not know what to do with it; afterwards I said I will pinch some tinned milk from the store, we will try to make fire in the fireplace and prepare the cocoa. When we had everything prepared, we could not find any paper for the fire. Therefore we tried it with straw. After about an hour's hard work we succeeded. We held a tin pot over the fire and boiled the cocoa. It was rather burned, but we were so happy to go to bed once without being hungry even if we had fed on cocoa only. They said that Russia has taken over the protectorate of the whole of Rumania and has occupied the country.

6.7. Another suicide, a man who became mad and many who turned melancholic. We are afraid now that they might attempt suicides. Another transport with unknown destination is being arranged for. They say that all men between the age of 20–50 will be deported. This caused great unrest. A meeting was called and the married men protested against being deported and leaving their wives and children behind in uncertainty. We decided rather to be shot than to be deported.

No doubt many of the physical discomforts referred to in this diary will be put right in the course of time. But the mental agonies will remain so long as wholesale internment remains the policy of the Government. Little attention has been paid to the plight of countless families left destitute by the internment of their earning menfolk. What is to happen to those women and children whom we received as our guests when they escaped from the Hitler terror? They do not know the procedure of our English legal system. In due time, no doubt, they will find their way to Public Assistance Committees and be provided with those means of avoiding actual starvation which our Poor Law affords. What, in particular, is to happen to those single women and widows who were earning their living before the new policy was enforced. We should not forget that the wholesale sacking of aliens has meant for those people wholesale destitution.

But the plight of the internees and of their families outside the camps is perhaps tolerable compared with the conditions of those transported overseas. The sinking of the *Arandora Star* first disclosed to the general public the Government's decision to carry out a wholesale transportation not only of prisoners of war and Nazis arrested in this country, but also of anti-Nazi Germans and anti-Fascist Italians. On July 9th the Austrian Committee in London received the following telegram: "20 Austrian *Arandora Star* survivors penniless. Wire money at once." Most of them were anti-Nazis from Seton camp. Money was sent to them by wire, but since then they have vanished and no one, not even their relatives, has received any information as to their address. They, however, were more fortunate than the anti-Nazi and anti-Fascist refugees who went down on the ship. As we write the list has not been completed and no one knows exactly who is missing. The *Arandora Star*, however, was only one transportation ship among many. As we write the transportation still continues, and, as far as we can learn, it remains under the same unimaginative control which can use shipping space to remove out of this country sons of anti-Nazi exiles (some of them actually in the O.T.C.s of our Universities) as well as men trained by years of illegal warfare in the type of revolutionary strategy we shall need so desperately in the coming phase of this war.

As long as wholesale internment and transportation continues to be the policy of the Government, nothing but the minor injustices can be remedied. This means that the foreign elements in this country, and their relations overseas, will be gradually transformed from passionate allies into embittered and sullen critics of our cause. Suppose that the newly constituted Home Office Committee achieves the release of 1,000 "valuable aliens"—and that is supposing a great deal—that will not affect the principle at stake. The British Government reckons as suspect anyone who does not possess a British passport, and searches primarily for the Fifth Column not among the classes in this country most liable to Nazi penetration but among the men, women and children for whom a Nazi victory means the concentration camp or death. For it is not the physical discomforts or even the fact of transportation which turns the stomach of the German, Austrian and Czechoslovak exiles now in prison or internment, but the assumption that they somehow "belong" to Hitler and must be segregated from the British people in its fight for freedom. To call these people "enemy aliens" is deeply to insult them; they believed themselves our comrades in a common cause. They had believed that we were fighting to liberate the oppressed peoples of Europe, that Britain's enemy was not a nation or a State but the Nazi tyranny. Every day of wholesale internment seems to them fresh evidence that their belief in us was unfounded. Even if the camps were made tolerably comfortable and transportation was ordered not for individuals, but for families, the best of the internees would still suffer the mental agony of enforced idleness in a war against their deadliest enemy.

A LONDON DIARY

ONCE again the Ministry of Information is becoming the scapegoat for the sins of the Government. A campaign, which began as an attack on certain obvious mistakes of policy, looks like turning into a personal vendetta against Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. Harold Nicolson. And once again the really fundamental defects of the Ministry escape the notice of its critics. Mr. Duff Cooper scored an immediate success as a broadcaster and never really got down to reorganising the administration of his Ministry, which is still as ill-conceived as it was in September, 1939. Instead of becoming a ministry of propaganda, it has remained a singularly cumbersome ministry for the supervision of propaganda done by other organisations like the Press, the cinemas and the B.B.C. Probably this is the best way of organising our home publicity, but in that case what is needed is not a hierarchy of correct Civil Servants but a small body of

experienced press-men who can win the confidence of their colleagues in Fleet Street and create between the Minister and the editors the sort of relationship which President Roosevelt has achieved with the American press. But for this an entirely different personnel and organisation is required. Mr. Duff Cooper gave no thought to this problem. Nor has he tackled the equally serious problem of overseas publicity and in particular of broadcasting. Dual control by the Ministry and the B.B.C. still continues and his huge staff of foreign experts are really no more than a negative control to ensure that propaganda which is thought and written in English is passably translated into foreign languages. How little the Minister understood the problem is shown by his latest appointment. Sir Maurice Petersen, who is now in charge of all overseas publicity, may have been an excellent Minister in Madrid. But what qualifications has he for directing propaganda to a Europe overrun by Hitler? What knowledge or sympathy has he for anti-Nazi movements? The job of propaganda is not to talk in diplomatic language to embassies abroad but to stir the oppressed peoples to action. Mr. Duff Cooper's real failure was not the Silent Column, but his unwillingness to think out the purpose of his Ministry and shape it to that purpose.

* * *

And now the unfortunate Ministry of Information is being attacked for one of its few sensible innovations. The decision to make use of modern techniques of public opinion research, in order to keep a watch on public morale, was unusually enlightened; and was made after months of obstruction by Civil Servants inside the Ministry. Very wisely, the Ministry Committee on Civilian Morale decided not to do the survey itself, but to employ existing agencies; a useful barometer of war-morale had been constructed and was working well until the ill-considered press campaign began against the "quiz." The evidence was based partly on "random sample" surveys on the Gallup model and partly on personal reports by reliable observers and was analysed by professional statisticians. Now the *Daily Herald*, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mirror* are in full cry, denouncing inquisitorial methods and the academic folly of such questionnaires. "Cooper's Snoopers" was the *Herald's* nickname. I must say that I find the whole of this campaign pretty silly. No one called the men who ran the Gallup poll for the *News Chronicle* "Barry's busybodies," and yet they are doing precisely similar work. Surely the *Daily Herald* cannot so firmly believe in the virtues of private enterprise that it denounces a public opinion survey when it is run in the interests not of a newspaper but of the nation? This is one of the cases in which, I think, the *Herald*, which has been doing a fine job recently on libertarian issues, has allowed the press feud with the Ministry of Information to spoil its judgment. Mr. Duff Cooper is far from an ideal Minister of Information, but he has had some bad luck lately. He did not invent the Silent Column idea or start the prosecutions for defeatist talk, though he had to bear the blame for both

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I am surprised that no one has yet called attention to the B.B.C.'s latest radio discovery—Frau Wernicke. She talks in the broadcasts to Germany and is more talented and more amusing than Lord Haw-Haw. Frau Wernicke is a typical Nazi *Hausfrau* with a broad Berlin accent and we hear her telephoning to a friend. In the broadcasts we never hear the voice of the friend, but we can conclude from the good Frau Wernicke's stream of exhortation, explanation and expostulation that her friend is not quite so loyal as she is, and has a number of rather awkward questions and stories which Frau Wernicke is sometimes unable to cope with. In contrast with many of our foreign broadcasts, this series is not just English material translated stiffly and correctly into another language, but real, live, racy German spoken and thought in terms of the Berlin suburb. I gather that next Sunday we shall be privileged to listen in at the other end of the wire and hear Frau Wernicke's friend.

* * *

I wonder whether many listeners, by the way, have discovered how much livelier our Empire programmes are than the Home? The war has not noticeably affected, for instance, our Home News and Home Talks which are still as urbane and politely cultured as ever. But the Empire Service has been built up for the emergency and has a vigour, variety and spontaneity which is extraordinarily refreshing. One reason for this is that its organisers are not subject to the criticism which is the bugbear of the Home Service. Whenever the Home Talks Department or Home News try an innovation, the B.B.C. is bombarded with letters and telephone calls from amateur (and influential) Lord Chamberlains denouncing it as vulgar or Left-wing, while the vast public which liked the innovation is too lazy to write or ring up. This means that the amateur censors nearly always kill a good idea. The Empire Services are saved by the remoteness of their audience from this type of censorship and can therefore experiment and improvise far more freely. They are also staffed by men and women who have not been schooled in the B.B.C. tradition of urbane surrender, and as a result I should think our Empire and American programmes are as good as any in the world. If you want to try an interesting experiment, listen one evening first to the Home News, Postscript and Talk from 9 p.m. to 9.35, then to the European News in English (261) and then to the late Empire News and the Empire News Reel. It seems a pity that home listeners without short-wave sets should be unable to hear some of our most lively programmes.

* * *

I hope that hysteria will not make people forget the sound policy towards conscientious objectors laid down by Mr. Chamberlain at the beginning of this war. He reminded us of the muddle and inefficiency shown in dealing with the problem in the last war and promised that there should be no persecution of men found sincere by tribunals and that everything would be done to see that their services were utilised in jobs that they could do. I have been glad to notice that so far no Government Department has sacked conscientious objectors, and I notice that the Minister of Labour has now spoken out strongly against the policy of victimising C.O.s. I am the more troubled to hear that the B.B.C. is distinguishing itself by departing from this sensible policy and is dismissing men who register as C.O.s. No one suggests that C.O.s should hold jobs for which they are not suitable in wartime, but there are no C.O.s in the Talks Department of the B.B.C. and I can imagine no good reason for dismissing those in departments where their opinions are irrelevant. A few local authorities have sacked C.O.s who have established their case before the tribunals, but the majority have taken the proper view that the Government has left it to the tribunals to decide who is a *bona fide* C.O. and what kind of work he should be allowed to do. I hope that the B.B.C. will have second thoughts.

* * *

I can vouch for the truth of both these stories. Not long ago a refugee went with a special War Office permit to visit her husband who was in Huyton camp. Her papers were in order; and she saw her husband. She was arrested by a policeman on the way back to the railway station. No notice was taken of her permit to visit her husband and she was kept in cells until she appeared before the magistrates, who sentenced her to a month's hard labour as an enemy alien found in a prohibited area. She actually served a fortnight of this preposterous sentence before the authorities released her. Another extraordinary case is that of a Scottish miner, whose father was German and who was born in Germany, but who has been in Scotland ever since he was *three years old*. He could speak no word of German and did not know that he was legally of German nationality. He was interned and has not yet been released. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mrs. Chapman.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

It has been known that for some time certain members of the church have felt disquiet concerning what they regarded as the pacifist views of the curate. Much comment followed Mr. ——'s observation in his sermon at Evensong on the national day of prayer that "God even loves Hitler." The theme of the sermon was that God is love.—*Surrey Comet.*

The appeal by the banned clubs will be based on the fact that the premises were well conducted, visits from the police were welcomed, and that many titled persons were regular guests.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

The question whether aluminium shoe-trees should be sent to Lord Beaverbrook and one's shoes go to rack and ruin, with consequent increased expenditure in the personal budget, was raised in the House of Commons yesterday.

Having decided in favour of the immediate needs of the R.A.F., Sir Francis Fremantle was anxious to know how he could tell if his trees were of rolled aluminium. He was told by Col. Llewellin, the Parliamentary Secretary, that if he would send them along to the Ministry of Aircraft Production they would soon find out.

Sir Francis then revealed that he had made his decision a week ago and sent them along.—*Daily Telegraph.*

FLOUR OF CHIVALRY

THE Ministry of Food has announced that Vitamin B1 is to be added to white flour. "Fortified" was Mr. Robert Boothby's word, when he, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry, announced this innovation. He said, quite rightly, that it would be "hailed by scientists all over the world as a great advance on anything ever yet achieved in this field." In deference, perhaps, to the Ministry of Information which regards "morale" as its province, he did not add, as he might have done, that this is the "morale vitamin." Mothers will now be able, with less casuistry than in the past, to coax their children: "Eat up the crust and be a soldier."

Sir John Orr, in *Feeding the People in Wartime*, lays emphasis on the importance of B1.

> The newer knowledge of nutrition was not available to military authorities in the War of 1914–18 and there were several striking instances of the effect of food on the fighting efficiency of our troops. Our own army in the East suffered from lack of vitamins in their rations.
>
> The troops who capitulated at Kut were suffering from beri-beri due to deficiency of vitamin B1. An outstanding characteristic of this form of malnutrition is nervous debility and lethargy. There is a saying in the East which expresses the progressive psychological deterioration of those suffering from this dietary deficiency. "It is better to walk than to run; it is better to stand than to walk; it is better to lie than to stand; it is better to sleep than to wake; it is better to die than to live." People suffering from even a minor degree of deficiency of Vitamin B1 in their diet have no stomach for a fight.

He also instances the collapse of the Italian army at Caporetto in October, 1917. This was at least partly due to the poor rationing of the soldiers. Their ration, in addition to being poor in quality, provided only 3,100 calories, 20 per cent. less than the average of the British, French and German rations. "This is a level of nutrition at which soldiers cannot maintain the physical fitness and morale needed to fight a battle." Sir Ernest Graham Little pointed out in the Commons Debate that experts ascribed a large part of the collapse of Germany in 1918 to lack of Vitamin B1, but that to-day their dietary was "more scientific and effective than ours."

The Italians profited by the lesson of Caporetto. Sir Aldo Castellani, the Harley Street physician, who was Mussolini's chief medical adviser in the Abyssinian War and has returned to Italy to help him in this one, has revealed the remarkable record of health among the troops in that campaign. There was only one case of beri-beri due to Vitamin B1 deficiency, and that developed after the termination of the campaign and was treated in Rome. In this war, the Germans, according to reports, supplied their troops, about to go into battle, with pure Vitamin B1 to give them energy and courage. Whether the use of B1 as a concentrated "dope" in this way was effective or safe is open to doubt.

The Ministry of Food is not going to administer a dope or provide us with artificial courage, but, through a staple article of diet, white bread, is going to see that the morale of the country is not sapped through a deficiency. And that deficiency might arise as the variety of our foodstuffs, which has been a safeguard up till now, becomes more and more restricted. From what I learn, it is proposed to add a fifth of a gramme of "aneurin," which is pure crystalline B1, to each sack of flour. That will not affect the taste nor the colour of the bread. Indeed, we shall have to rely on the assurance of the millers and the inspectors that it is there at all.

Consider what a fifth of a gramme per sack means. It represents a tiny pinch in 280 lb. of flour. A sack gives 93½ quartern loaves. Thus, one ounce of aneurin will vitaminise 13,000 loaves. The entire population of Greater London will require about 6 lb. of the vitamin per day. A hundredweight-and-a-half will supply the entire country for a week. A third of an ounce will suffice an individual for a whole lifetime. At the moment you might, if you were "in the know," manage to buy pure Vitamin B1 at about £3 a gramme wholesale—about £1,360 a lb. That would mean a subsidy of about £12,000,000 a year. But you are not likely to have a "Schedule B1" added to your income tax. The cost will be nothing like as great as that. A factory is being established for its manufacture and in mass-production the cost will diminish rapidly. For four years research has been sponsored by the Millers' Mutual Association. Pure crystalline B1 was produced in America four years ago. It was developed also in Germany and, at the same time by Professor Todd, now of Manchester University, and Dr. Bergel in this country. Professor Todd has been engaged on the present developments. The irony of it is that we should pay the millers multi-millions a year to take Vitamin B1 out of our bread and then pay them millions more in subsidy to put it back. For the richest source of Vitamin B1 is the bran and germ of wholemeal.

Under the Government scheme wholemeal however and white bread will be equally available at the same price, but 95 per cent. of our population have been conditioned to the habit of white bread and a distaste for brown. It is true that the millers mainly exist to make white flour, but it is also true that that is the public taste. Another justification for taking it out and putting it back is that it leaves the bran and millers' offal for the urgently needed feeding stuffs for farm stocks. Further, the B1 content of grain varies, but under this system it can be scientifically governed.

The importance of Vitamin B1 was first discovered by the Dutch scientist Eijkman in 1897. He noticed that the fowls at a prison in Java, where he was Medical Officer, suffered from a peculiar form of paralysis which he called polyneuritis. It resembled the paralysis of beri-beri from which the prisoners suffered. It was not a germ-disease, but the Dutchman discovered that the birds were fed upon rice left over from the prison food. He experimented, feeding some with whole grain, some on half-peeled rice and some on white rice. Those fed on white rice, which was polished so that the outer layers of the grain were removed, developed the disease, but were cured when fed on whole rice or half-peeled rice. This led him on to the discovery that in the outer layers of the grain there was some substance which was the antidote, as he thought, to the disease. It was later demonstrated also as the preventive factor for the disease.

This had been demonstrated some years earlier by an old sea captain. In 1894, as a social measure, it was made compulsory to supply Norwegian sailors with white flour, to make their life at sea "more pleasant." Rye flour had previously been used. The stubborn old captain resented the new regulation and took rye flour with him for his own use. The crew on white flour fell ill with beri-beri and were cured by biscuits from the captain's private store.

A postscript to Sir John Orr's reference to the B1 deficiency among the troops at Kut, was the fact that the Indian troop who ate "atta" and "dahl," wholemeal flour and chick-pea, did not have the disease. And in the later stages of the siege certain of the British troops recovered from beri-beri as a result of eating the Indian supplies when their own white flour was finished. During the Russo-Japanese war there were 200,000 cases of beri-beri in the army but none in the navy. The rations were approximately the same except that the sailors' diet included 10 oz. of whole barley. Vitamin B1 deficiency does not, however, have to reach the extreme form of beri-beri to have a disabling effect. In its subtler form it is manifested in digestive troubles and in heart strain, coupled with a "loss of morale." In addition to Vitamin B1, calcium is to be added to the bread. Calcium is the vitamin's partner in general well-doing. In America, they are adding milk-minerals.

There is no reason why this new adventure in scientific control of the indispensables of diet should not be extended. "Marcom," the pooled margarine, is now "fortified" with vitamins A and B to give it the vitamin value of good summer butter. The Oxford branch of the Association of Scientific Workers, however, through Dr. Geoffrey Bourne, the nutrition expert, have urged that even this should be supplemented with higher concentrations of the vitamin as a compensation for possible losses through restriction of other foodstuffs.

Vitamin A is particularly important in the winter because a deficiency of it leads to night blindness which will be serious in the black-out, while the sharpness of vision at night can be improved by adequate supplies of the vitamin. It is also important as a reinforcement against infectious disease—another impending problem of the coming winter. Royal Air Force pilots enduring the strain of day and night fighting are supplied with vitamin A and D capsules at each meal. They say they "give them appetites" and that the improvement of vision at night is convincing.

Dr. Bourne has also urged upon the Government the need for laying in emergency stores of Vitamin C, the anti-scurvy vitamin, so that it can be supplied free to the poor and at low prices to others, especially of course to children. Although it prevents scurvy—which we tried to offset at Kut by dropping mustard-and-cress—it, like all other vitamin deficiencies, is insidious in its effect when deficient. It is the vitamin of freshness, which we mainly get from fruit, and fruit this winter, in the form of oranges, apples, etc., from abroad will be lacking. So subtle is the vitamin that a bottle of milk left on the step and exposed to ordinary light will lose its Vitamin C just as easily as it does in pasteurising.

The use of bread as the vehicle for vitamins is an effective way of reaching just that section of the community which needs them most. The poor eat the most bread and they can least afford the

expensive protective foods—milk, dairy produce, fruit, eggs and fresh vegetables.

When we consider that the absence of $\frac{1}{5000000}$th of a gramme of vitamin makes a difference between well-being and uncertain health, and can appreciably shorten life, it will be seen that these new measures are not a "stunt," although in normal times when the abundance of the earth is ours to command, nature, in its variety, is a much more efficient dispenser of vitamins than the Ministry of Food can ever be. The Ministry of Food with its Vitamin B1 is making a more practical contribution to our morale than some of the devices of the Ministry of Information.

RITCHIE CALDER

A SONG OF ——

Some sing the north-east dales in the roaring Autumn gales,
Some love the western combes,
Some shed all earthly worry when they tread the heaths of ——
Alight with the yellow broom.
Some sigh at home for the north-west Lakes
Where they may find content,
Some pine in towns for the southern Downs
But my heart's in the land of ——.

I never tramp those regions but I look for Caesar's legions
On the rolling —— Road,
I can see the pilgrims merry on the way to ——
Where the soul may leave its load.
I know the kindly English inns
With their nutty wealden whiffs
From the belt of hops and oast to the Marsh along the coast,
And the south and south-east cliffs.

I shall soon be tramping back down the highway, lane or track
And none shall say me nay
South eastward making headway from the meadows of the ——
Till the wind brings the salt sea spray,
And on the slope of the seaward turf
I'll ask not roof nor meal
As I watch white clouds sail over above the cliffs of ——
And scud north-east to ——.

Some say the port of heaven must surely be in ——
Some sing North British glens,
Some find a perfect Eden in summertime on ——
Some yearn for the eastern fens,
But this I sing is the song for me
Till all my days are spent
I can find no peace nor rest in the Midlands, North or West
For my heart's in the land of ——.

SAGITTARIUS

GOOD NATURE

ONE of the books a boy was fairly sure to be given in the Victorian age was a Natural History. I never read mine, being content to turn over the pages and look at the pictures. How often since then have I reproached myself for a mis-spent childhood! No pictures of animals have ever come up to the things men have written about animals. But I did not learn that till I was middle-aged.

The other day I took up the new volume of Pliny's *Natural History* in the Loeb translation,* and on the very first page found matter that, had I read it, would have engrossed me as a schoolboy. How admirably Pliny there conveys to us the main facts about the elephant! "The largest land animal," he writes, "is the elephant, and it is nearest to man in intelligence: it understands the language of its country and obeys orders, remembering duties that it has been taught, is pleased by affection and by marks of honour, nay, more, it possesses virtues rare even in man, honesty, wisdom, justice, also respect for the stars and reverence for the sun and moon." Nature, as Pliny shows it to us, is not for ever red in tooth and claw. His elephants are the gentlest of humanitarians. "A story is told that the animal's natural gentleness towards those not so strong as itself is so great that if it gets among a flock of sheep it will remove with its trunk those that come in its way, so as not unwittingly to crush one." The very lion is a generous beast: the story of Androcles was not a myth. "The lion alone of wild animals," Pliny assures us, "shows mercy to suppliants; it spares persons prostrated in front of it, and when raging it turns its fury on men rather than women, and only attacks children when it is extremely hungry." It is easy to see why the British chose the lion—who invented the British lion, by the way?—as their national symbol.

Such is my ignorance of the lives of animals, I confess, that I can neither affirm nor deny the truth of Pliny's astonishing descriptions of them. Is he right about the hyena, for example? The most remarkable facts reported about the hyena, he declares, "are that among the shepherds' homesteads it simulates human speech, and picks up the name of one of them so as to call him out of doors and tear him to pieces, and that also it imitates a person being sick, to attract the dogs so that it may attack them." This may or may not be true, but it certainly sounds true. And who could doubt the further statement that, when a hyena's shadow falls on dogs, they are struck dumb?

It is difficult to believe that anyone but a most careful observer or inquirer could have committed himself to some of the statements made about animals by Pliny. He enters into the minutest details about them, such as could have been discovered only as a result of prolonged investigation. Of goats, he tells us, for example, that "a she-goat cures its eyes when bloodshot by pricking them on a rush, he-goats on a bramble." A friend to whom I repeated this laughed at it as nonsense; but such definiteness of statement impresses me. After all, some of our own cures might seem as strange to goats as theirs seem to us. My friend, again, was cynical when I described to him how every hippopotamus is its own doctor. "The hippopotamus," says Pliny, "stands out as a master in one department of medicine; for when its unceasing voracity has caused it to overeat itself it comes ashore to reconnoitre places where rushes have recently been cut, and where it sees an extremely sharp stalk it squeezes its body up and down on to it and makes a wound in a certain vein in its leg, and by thus letting blood, unburdens its body, which would otherwise be liable to disease, and plasters up the wound again with mud." My friend, I fancy, disbelieves such stories chiefly because they were written nearly two thousand years ago. Are we so much wiser, then, than the ancient Romans? How many men living to-day could tell you from their own observation or study whether it is true or not that "when an elephant swallows a chameleon (which is poisonous to it) because it is of the same colour as a leaf, it uses the wild olive as a remedy?" Not I, for one.

There is scarcely a statement in Pliny, indeed, which I could challenge from my own experience. He tells us that "celandine was shown to be healthy for the sight by swallows using it as a medicine for their chicks' sore eyes." Well, I have never seen a young swallow with sore eyes or its parents curing it, so I must take his word for it. Again, he tells us that "a mule can be checked from kicking by rather frequent draughts of wine": having never possessed a kicking mule I can believe him. Only once or twice when reading his book did I feel entirely sceptical. I found it impossible to swallow his statement about dogs, that "their onset and rage can be mollified by a person sitting down on the ground." It would be easy, of course, to prove or disprove this by experiment; but, even though I disbelieve it, I have no wish to disprove it.

As a rule, however, Pliny writes with the caution and precision of a man of science and impresses us as having been a man who did not make statements till he had sifted all the evidence. How carefully he abstains from making a definite pronouncement on the fertility of the mouse! "The most prolific of all animals," he says, "is the mouse—one hesitates to state its fertility, even though on the authority of Aristotle and the troops of Alexander the Great." A writer for whom Aristotle and the troops of Alexander are not sufficient authorities on such a subject commands confidence. Hence we are the more inclined to accept every detail in his account of the eel: "eels live eight years. They can even last five or six days at a time out of water if a north wind is blowing, but not so long with a south." How persuasive he is again on the subject of talking magpies! "These birds," he declares, "get fond of uttering particular words, and not only learn them, but love them, and secretly ponder them with careful reflection, not concealing their engrossment. It is an established fact that, if the difficulty of a word beats them, this causes their death." Many a magpie may have died as a result of trying to pronounce "corollary" with the accent on the first syllable.

About the cuckoo Pliny does not profess to tell us none but established facts. He will go no further than to say that "the cuckoo

* Pliny: Natural History, Vol. III. translated by H. Rackham. Heinemann. Loeb Classics. 10s.

seems to be made by changing its shape out of a hawk at a certain season of the year "—a belief, Mr. Rackham points out, still held in some parts of Britain. In regard to its egg-laying habits also, Pliny is speculative rather than dogmatic. " Its reason for foisting its chicks on other birds," he declares, " is supposed to be that it knows itself to be hated by the whole of the birds, for even the very small birds attack it; consequently that a progeny will not be secured for its race unless it has escaped notice, for which reason it makes no nest." This, if true, throws light that will be new to most people on the psychology of the cuckoo. Instead of being the wicked bird we have always imagined, it may really be a model parent, determined at all costs to save its young from the ill-effects of its own unpopularity. Pliny always looks on the bright side of things.

Like Hudson, he refers to the wisdom of the goose—a bird held up to derision by most people for its stupidity. " These birds," he says, " may possibly be thought also to possess the power of understanding wisdom: thus there is a story that a goose attached itself continually as a companion to the philosopher Lacydes, never leaving his side by night or day, either in public or at the baths." Unfortunately, mention of geese puts Pliny in mind of *pâté de foie gras*, and, forgetting all about the living birds, he goes on to write in the manner, not of a naturalist, but of a glutton. " Our contemporaries are wiser," he says, " who know the goose by the excellence of its liver. Stuffing the bird with food makes the liver grow to a great size, and also when it is removed it is made larger still by being soaked in milk sweetened with honey. Not without reason is it a matter of inquiry who was the discoverer of so great a boon—was it Scipio Metellus the consular, or his contemporary, Marcus Seius, Knight of Rome?" A sad come-down in the speculations of a philosopher! It is as though the author of *Mary Had a Little Lamb* had suddenly paused to wonder who it was who first thought of eating lamb with mint sauce.

Still, much may be forgiven to an author who has written so well on the kindliness of the elephant, the chivalry of the lion, the medical genius of the hippopotamus, and the parental solicitude of the cuckoo.

Y. Y.

GOOD "OLD" SHAW

BERNARD SHAW'S *The Devil's Disciple* is on at the Piccadilly Theatre. Excellent drama it is, though the performance leaves much to be desired. Mr. Robert Donat plays the part of Dick Dudgeon, who gives his nickname to the piece, and Mr. Donat's robust, vital, handsome presence and trenchant manner of speech fit him to play a stout-hearted hero in Melodrama. For that is what *The Devil's Disciple* is. It is old-fashioned Melodrama only with a difference; that difference being that the dramatist had something new to say in 1897 which he was burning to express about " heroism " and the way that on the stage it had been hitherto invariably linked with " love " as its motive. This inevitable association had disgusted both the puritan mystic and the realistic observer of human nature in Shaw. And, Heavens! how that association had bored (often to *our* great entertainment) the dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review*, G. B. S. It had not escaped his notice that among the instances of one person either risking or giving his life for another recorded in the papers, as often as not there had not been even acquaintance between them. And " when we want to read of the deeds that are done for love," he added in the Preface to *Plays for Puritans*, " whither do we turn? To the murder column; and there we are rarely disappointed." There is exaggeration, over-simplification here, for there is love and love; but what an exhilarating change it was to hear Dick (it was at Kennington Theatre in 1898 that I first heard him) gently but firmly disabusing Judith Anderson of the notion that love for her had prompted his sudden impulse to take her husband's place on the scaffold; a denial all the more piquant because the grave, pretty, romantic young wife had, at the time, more than half a mind to him herself, in spite of her devotion to her elderly clerical husband and Dick's horrifying but rather thrilling impiety. The contrast between the self-sacrifice of a courageous ruffian and the alacrity with which her husband had, apparently, taken advantage of it proved too much for Judith, until the latter, by saving both Dick's neck and his own, re-established himself in her heart.

As Shaw pointed out himself, the play contained the stock ingredients which were the delight of old Adelphi audiences: the scapegrace with a better nature who protects an oppressed orphan, the reading of a will in his favour, the heroic sacrifice, the court-martial, scaffold and reprieve. This did not prevent him from being praised and abused for reckless originality. The critics fixed upon what they supposed to be subversive in the play, taking Dick for a blackguard and Mrs. Dudgeon for a religious woman. Regarding Dick's loyalty to the Devil, Shaw—who had been much amused by the play's reception—wrote: " Let those who have praised my originality read Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*; and I shall be fortunate if they do not rail at me for a plagiarist." But there, I think, his diagnosis of his doctrine is at fault. The devil whom Dick worshipped was, like Blake's, a redeemer who preached a gospel of energy; to whom both malignant fears that lead to cruelty and timid fears that create hypocrisy were The Enemy. But there the resemblance ends. The evangel of the identity of body and soul, with its corollary that desire is sacred and an *end in itself*, and abstinence distortion, had no place in the Puritan rebelliousness of Shaw's *Devil's Disciple*. For the first time, the Religion of Progress peeps out in Shaw's drama, when Dick, the rope about his neck and speaking what he believes will be his last words, shouts: " Amen! my life for the world's future." Later in Shaw's development this was to become explicit as the doctrine of the Life-Force.

Although every dramatist is usually the better for having " a message," that is to say something to say which he believes to be of the utmost urgency, his work may lose something by his becoming more and more conscious of its nature. His sense of its importance may then lead him to prefer to express it explicitly through the mouths of one or two characters, rather than to embody it in situations. With a few exceptions (*Saint Joan* and *Blanco Posnet*, for example) in the plays which followed *Major Barbara*, what is said on the stage is of clearly more interest to the dramatist than what happens. Unlike Ibsen, the later Shaw troubled little about construction. Provided he could think of an excuse, however thin, for making his figures talk about what he wanted discussed he was satisfied. He cared less and less about exhibiting emotion or character in action, especially in cumulative action, which is the essence of drama. He fell back more and more often on haphazard incidents of farce (somebody knocking somebody else down—usually a woman flooring a man) to satisfy that desire to see something happen which exists in every audience.

Although *The Devil's Disciple* is a bag of old tricks, they are used to drive home a deeper emotion and a moral contrary to the ethics of melodrama. Not only does the hero of this one disappoint the expectations excited by his romantic role by repudiating the notion that he was sacrificing his life for the heroine's sake; but this heroism itself is finally exhibited to a disadvantage beside the really efficient though unself-sacrificing energy of a robust, entirely prosaic parson. There lay the really surprising originality of this play; in this sudden reversal of the relative positions of the hero and the husband at the end. Everything that had happened before had made us feel the superiority of Dick; but however keenly we had felt that or the dramatist himself had sympathised with him, he was not going to permit us to exalt martyrdom above effective service in a cause. He makes Dick, as he steps down from the gallows (enormously relieved, though with a slightly rueful sense of anti-climax), say to Anderson: " If I had been any good, I should have done for you what you did for me [i.e. ride for help to the approaching American forces] instead of making a vain sacrifice." " Not vain, my boy," is the reply. " It takes all sorts to make a world—saints as well as soldiers." But in this instance the ex-Presbyterian minister, now a soldier, " has it," as they say in carrying resolutions at meetings.

Act II, which leads up to this deposition of the hero who offers his life to save another, is as good an act as Shaw ever wrote. It is not as deeply interesting as some others, but (to apply the Anderson test) it is as efficient as the best in achieving what it set out to do. It contains three striking emotional shifts-over; the character contrasts are tightly interwoven with the action; masculine and feminine points of view are well juxtaposed, and the curtain falls on *our* knowledge that Judith Anderson does not understand her husband—a good climax.

But, alas, the production makes but a poor job of it, chiefly owing to a gross miscasting in the part of Anthony Anderson. From the opening of the play the indications are clear that the minister of this small New Hampshire community during the war of American Independence is a man of exceptional force, directness and self-confidence. He thinks Dick a bit of a ruffian, is not in the least afraid of him like the others, and takes Dick's jibes at his cloth with indifference. He has no illusions about the nature of old Mrs. Dudgeon's piety and understands the nature of his pretty young wife's feelings towards Dick (half-repulsion, half-attraction) a great

deal better than she does herself. Yet he does not hesitate to leave them together at a call of duty, and with an equanimity that is only disturbed for a few minutes when he finds her on his return lying on the floor in a faint after Dick's arrest. The way he thinks instantly of her before he even attempts to satisfy the torture of his own anxiety about what has happened in his absence, exhibits his intensely practical nature as well as a very firm benevolence. And for this rock of a man who, when he does learn the nature of the situation, roars for his pistols and all the money in the house, brushing aside his wife's questions as he wrenches on his riding boots (there is not a minute to lose if he is to fetch help in time), the producer has cast an actor with a cosy, mild clerical voice and one incapable of energetic gesture. As though the important point about Anderson was that he should suggest the parson! One of the emotional pivots of the play is, of course, that after being impressed by the loquacious dramatic hero the audience should have the opportunity of comparing his carriage and behaviour with the, if anything, greater virility of the realistic hero. In the part of Judith there are more opportunities for acting than Miss Rosamund Toler availed herself of, but she was adequate. Miss Janet Barrow should remember that though the part of Mrs. Dudgeon is pitched in a single key, it is for her interpreter to introduce shades into that old woman's grating harshness. Mr. Donat, as I hinted, fills his part well—especially in the first two acts. Granted a suitable personality, there is no particular difficulty in the part—until Dick has to stand on the cart beneath the gallows, when at moments the dialogue veers away from him as a central figure. Here the actor should not forget to continue to simulate the while the tortured trepidation of a man who is about to have his neck broken, and on the degree to which he succeeds in simulating that, and the courage which controls it, will largely depend the effect of General Burgoyne's imperturbable politeness: I felt Mr. Donat rather failed us then. Mr. Milton Rosmer in the part of "Gentleman Johnny" clearly enjoyed himself as much as we enjoyed him, which was a good deal. I think I could have stood from him even more blandness in his irony, and certainly a touch of a simpler, more peremptory gravity when he reproves the officer in charge for allowing Judith to be present. The last minute or two of the play are difficult to stage, but more attempt should have been made to follow the dramatist's directions.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

TWO SHOWS

Now that most of the public galleries in London appear to have abandoned the struggle, tacitly agreeing with Lord Beaverbrook, whose vulgar error all history reproves, that there is no place for culture in wartime, we must be grateful to those rare dealers who have not despaired of civilisation. Also we must prove our gratitude by taking pains to appreciate what we are offered. To visit the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, which is to remain open till the end of August, requires no great effort, will give pleasure to anyone who cares for painting and reassure those who still believe in the future of British art. "Artists of Fame and of Promise," it is called, and of promise there is plenty—more than one has a right to expect. The most promising picture in the show is Gowing's portrait of Julia Strachey, though his study of a soldier is perhaps more complete. Some time ago, when I had occasion to write of a small landscape by Gowing on view at Agnew's, I tried to express my admiration for the way in which the artist had sat down before a surprisingly unpicturesque row of willows, and by dint of looking and feeling and thinking extracted from an ungenerous subject all that it had to give. Here the subject is sympathetic—the subtle and amusing head of an attractive woman—but Gowing has not taken advantage of the possibilities offered for scoring cheap success. He has treated this subject as seriously and thoroughly as he treated the willows. The painting may appear slight; assuredly the picture is not. The most obvious defect is a lack of cohesion between figure and background. The influence of Coldstream is apparent, as it should be: Gowing is young and Coldstream his master. But already are to be discerned in Gowing's work adumbrations of certain painterlike qualities—a delicate sense of colour, for instance—in which the master, fine artist though he be, seems deficient.

Coldstream himself is not quite at his best in this exhibition: neither is Pasmore who, after his show at Wildenstein's, probably found it difficult to unearth important pictures with which the public was not familiar. With Sickert's seated nude we are all familiar; but no one will be sorry to see it again. Ivon Hitchens, Graham Bell and Moynihan (*The Haystack*) are all handsomely represented and contribute to that sense of liveliness and artistic purpose which pervades the gallery and is peculiarly comforting in these days of officially favoured barbarism. Of pictures by the younger painters of promise a work by Rupert Shepherd (not in the catalogue) is likely to arrest attention. The subject is deliberately and, to my taste, tiresomely humorous, but the treatment is not. On the contrary, it is workmanlike; the painting is sound and the wit visual: the sly reference to Mantegna in the delineation of the foreshortened head is painters' fun and good fun. Michael Salaman, a new name and manifestly a Parisian, is a young man to watch. His talent is unmistakable; and so, unfortunately, is an inclination to accentuate the dramatic element in what he sees or imagines. That is why *The Juggler* is unsatisfactory. We must turn to his small picture of a little girl if we would enjoy his genuine gift for painting. Leila Faithful, though here not seen at her best, makes one feel, as usual, that one would like to see a great deal more. Morland Lewis is represented by a particularly happy achievement, *Snow in Fulham Road*, and so is Alison Debenham, *In the Greenhouse*. Alas! poor Rex Whistler.

The most masterly piece in the show—and I am not forgetting Sickert's nude or his own snow scene—is Duncan Grant's study of a calf; and how men of such taste and knowledge as the directors of this gallery came to poke it away in a dark corner passes conjecture. The art and science, that is the understanding of form, movement and colour and the power of rendering them, revealed in this little work, may well surprise admirers and rejoice all those who still believe in British painting. If Gowing stands for promise, there can be no doubt that Duncan Grant here stands for mastery.

When you have looked your fill at this remarkably interesting collection of modern English paintings, do not forget to visit the Adams Gallery in Pall Mall Place, King Street. Here, modestly presented, are some twenty French pictures. The magnificent Bonnard and the delicious Renoir are alone worth the journey. Two unusually good things by Soutine are likely to enhance the reputation of that unequal artist. Also the perennial Dufresne question is raised again. Here are two of his orientalisms; both failures, it seems to me. Dufresne is a scholarly artist, delightful on occasions, who from time to time is fond of taking an oriental subject and treating it in a manner that makes one think of the Italian primitives—especially of the early primitives. Lacking the gravity and high purpose, to say nothing of the subtle sense of colour and deep feeling for design, of Giotto or the Lorenzetti, he tends to dwell on the ornamental side of the business; and from ornament to jocularity is a short step. These oriental excursions by Dufresne are not solemn and processional but decorative and comical: In my opinion they will not do. Neither will Forain, whose brown, dark, café scene, anecdotic and meant to be impressive, makes one think of Sickert, which is unlucky for Forain.

CLIVE BELL

Our Net Sales

During the six months January to June, 1940, the Fully-paid Net Sales of this paper averaged

30,410 copies per week

IN ADDITION THERE WERE 2,404 SUBSCRIPTIONS AT REDUCED RATES (WEEKLY AVERAGE OVER THE HALF YEAR) WHICH BRINGS THE TOTAL AVERAGE WEEKLY NET SALE FIGURE TO

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

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PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Till the Day I Die," at the Threshold Theatre Club

The Threshold Theatre Club is the second venture brave enough to launch out on the shallows of a wartime summer. Its excellent intention is to provide opportunities for actors before they are called up or—if feasible—during leave, and to build up a connection which may help over the difficulties of demobilisation. The first full-length production provides an interesting evening. *Till the Day I Die* is an early Clifford Odets, and one of the first of the anti-Nazi plays. The interest, it must be admitted, is largely negative; given the subject—the underground struggle against Nazi brutality—how could a writer of Odets' ability fall as short of a good play as he does in this? The answer seems to be that he tries to get too much in and that his attack is too direct. The play has all the limitations of a propaganda pamphlet. Its beginning suggests a productive approach—the Nazi neurotic done from the inside; but the effect is quite spoiled when we discover that *all* the Nazis are neurotics. In any case the action soon switches to the personal tragedy of a tortured underground leader, his girl and his brother. All this is too familiar, true and horrible as it is, and Odets' treatment adds little fresh. The best scene is the least personal where the underground cell holds a meeting to put its leader on the black list. The restraint and the contrasts here were a relief after the brutality of the rest, in which the director had keyed the emotional pitch too high from the start so that top notes were a little shrill. Of a very young cast, Peter Stephens gave an excellent performance as a Nazi; Geoffrey Hibbert, Michael Allison and Sheila Keith are all talented players. It is worth looking out for the next production in this charming little theatre, Cocteau's *La Machine Infernale*.

"Men of the Lightship"
"Night Train to Munich," at the Empire

Five months ago the East Dudgeon lightship was attacked and sunk by two Nazi bombers, and the crew taking to their single boat rowed towards land until they were exhausted. Their bodies were washed up on the East Coast many hours later. This incident, which roused more anger than any subsequent bombings of hospitals or refugees, has been reconstructed with breath-taking detail by the G.P.O. Unit under Cavalcanti and David Macdonald. *Men of the Lightship* can be seen this week at a number of cinemas, and no doubt it will be shown widely during the next few weeks. The film itself is a triumph of documentary method. Since the material is dramatic, exaggeration has been avoided like the plague. We are shown glimpses of the lightship amid drifting fog, the men getting out of their bunks, talking and rattling cups above the whine of a concertina, the photographs pinned on a door, a pet tortoise—just enough to give us the clue to their lives and routine. Then the Nazis come down from the clouds and swoop again and again, bombing and machine-gunning the deck. During these moments, which are photographed as unsensationally as the rest of the film, it is impossible not to grind one's teeth in helpless rage. The effect of *Men of the Lightship* on an ordinary audience enjoying an average programme was electric; and yet—so strong are the conventions—at this moment of tension a muttered "Dirty bastards" from one of the men on the screen produced a momentary shocked titter. *Men of the Lightship* holds its realism to the end; the captain's "Keep pulling," the calm wastes of sea, the bodies rolled over in the surf, close one of the most impressive "shorts" the cinema has given us. Cavalcanti is the only director in British films with a touch of genius. Why doesn't the Government use him more? Given charge of our news films, say, he might revolutionise what is still usually the most trivial and ill-assorted ten minutes of any programme.

The chief fault of *Night Train to Munich* is that it tries to join two worlds: Hitler's Europe as we began to see it unrolled in black and white last September, and the jaunty return of those two brilliant cricket-talking buffoons, Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford. The opening shots of violated frontiers and the Nazi machine on the move have to taper away into an atmosphere where Czech refugees and monocled spies can re-assume the spell of Oppenheim. This gradation from fact to make-believe *Night Train* achieves successfully, but slowly, how slowly! It seems hours before our comics make their appearance, poking among luggage racks and copies of *Mein Kampf*, on a continental tour cut short by war. In the meantime, Rex Henderson as a spy in disguises that range from seaside crooning to Nazi heel-clicking, and Margaret Lockwood as the daughter of a blacklisted Czech businessman, keep us thrilled and entertained. With more speed, and a less threatening background to be blotted out by thrills, this might have been as good a film as *The Lady Vanishes*.

Intimate Opera at the Mercury

The Mercury is to be congratulated upon reviving, in its season of Short Opera, a pleasing but almost defunct dramatic mode. The present programme consists of *True Blue, or the Press Gang*, an eighteenth-century frolic; Purcell's Masque on the dispute between Love and Wine, originally introduced into Shadwell's version of *Timon of Athens;* an Offenbach fancy, *The Bachelors' Bond;* and Carlo Sodi's *Gamester*, translated by Mr. Geoffrey Dunn, who in these productions trebles the roles of producer designer and juvenile lead. All three of the small cast are in good voice, though Miss Winifred Radford is not, perhaps, quite rich enough, but the singing throughout is light stuff and intentionally subservient to the humorous and dramatic. *The Gamester*, which enjoyed considerable popularity in the eighteenth century, is much the best of the four and gave Mr. Dunn a welcome opportunity to display his comic gifts and demonstrate a rare talent for vocal parody while in full song. *Intimate Opera* is the lightest of entertainments and may not unfairly be described as its period's equivalent to musical comedy. Nevertheless, it still possesses a lively charm, and although the singing might have repaid a touch of coloratura, is very pleasantly performed. One hopes that the venture will prove successful enough to encourage further productions of the same sort.

Façade Re-edited at Sadler's Wells

Frederick Ashton has taken advantage of the disastrous loss of costumes and decor which the company suffered in Holland to produce a new edition of *Façade* for which John Armstrong has designed much more amusing dresses and decor. Two new numbers are a fox-trot foursome danced with tremendous verve by June Brae, Pamela May, Robert Helpmann and Frederick Ashton. It is brilliantly funny, but almost unbearably true to the follies of fourteen years ago. Better still is an exotic solo, "Noche Espagnole" (*sic*), which is a marvel of shady virtuosity and indecorous suggestion, and makes us wish that Ashton who composes such wonderful dances for others would oftener compose one for himself. Perhaps the whole ballet was better danced than usual; it certainly seemed marvellously fresh, and the old numbers had a nuance of novelty in their interpretation. Thus in "Tango" Margot Fonteyn, the Debutante, matches her Dago partner much more nearly in her superb crimson velvet dress. Robert Helpmann, as the Squire in "Country Dance," is funnier than ever; Julia Farron, as the Milkmaid in "Yodelling Song," is particularly charming, and the new dresses for "Waltz" are exquisitely reminiscent of those Edwardian sister beauties who always ran in threes and of whom one at least was always titled. Would it not be possible to have Edith Sitwell's poems, for which Walton originally wrote this enchanting and witty music, on sale at Sadler's Wells, whenever the ballet is performed? For it was from that exquisite world of poetry, witty, lyrical and rhythmically audacious, that the first *Façade* was born. It is good news that the season is indefinitely prolonged; but as Ninette de Valois implied, this indefiniteness must be matched by an equal definiteness in the booking of seats.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, August 2nd—
- Prof. D. Saurat: "Les Eléments permanents de la Civilisation française, Institut Française, 6. Lectures every Friday until Sept. 13th.

SATURDAY, August 3rd—
- First Week of Fabian Summer School, Dartington Hall. Speakers include: R. W. B. Clarke, John Parker, D. N. Pritt and Margaret Cole.
- International Youth Holiday Centre, Croft School, Stratford-on-Avon. Till Aug. 31st.
- Opening of Promenade Concerts, Queen's Hall, 8.

WEDNESDAY, August 7th—
- Association for Education in Citizenship Summer School, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Speakers include: Sir Norman Angell, R. H. S. Crossman, Dr. Gilbert Murray, Prof. D. Saurat and Sir Ernest Simon. Till Aug. 14th. Particulars from 10 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

THURSDAY, August 8th—
- Anthony Blunt: "François Mansard and the Origins of French Classicism in Architecture," Warburg Institute, 6.30.

Correspondence

A PALPABLE DANGER TO BRITAIN

SIR,—Will not someone speak out about the risks on the Ulster border? If only to assure us that they do not exist or that reasonable foresight has made provision against them?

Eire is neutral and the United Kingdom, of which Ulster is a part, is a belligerent. Eire being weak may be invaded. Conditions of delicate equilibrium necessarily exist therefore on the border—and they will become more delicate still if her neutrality is violated or is thought to be about to be violated. The British Army in Northern Ireland and the Irish Army in Eire may be trusted to abide by the rules of the game. But what of Lord Craigavon's highly irregular army, for that is what it is? Consider its origin. It is based on the "B" Special Constabulary who gained a notoriety similar to that of the Black-and-Tans and who, so Parliament was assured, were to be finally disbanded in 1926. They were, however, maintained in reduced numbers for the suppression of the Nationalist minority. They have now been suddenly recruited to a level of some 30,000 men—no Nationalist or Catholic accepted—as a professedly parallel step to the raising of the Volunteer Home Guard in this country and, as to-day's paper shows, are being fully armed. And, again, according to the press, they do not pass under the control of our Army authorities except in the event of actual invasion. And necessarily this sectarian army is in close physical contact with the Nationalist-Catholic population on *both* sides of the border.

Could there be any arrangement better calculated than this to cause appalling trouble? And is this irresponsible force of armed sectaries to be inspired with the fevered political ardours of Lord Craigavon, who still parades his view that all Nationalists and Catholics in Eire or Ireland are "rebels" and "disloyal"? I use the word "irresponsible" deliberately, for the National Government of the United Kingdom is alone responsible for the defence

of Northern Ireland; and the British Army, under its sole direction, is alone the proper instrument for the purpose. There should be no other bodies of armed men inspired or directed by local hate-mongers permitted to indulge in irregular military activities. And if they are so permitted to act as torches in a powder magazine the full responsibility will infallibly and rightly be attributed to our National Government.

"ONE WHO KNOWS WHAT IS GOING ON"

HITLER AND HALIFAX

SIR,—It is very unfortunate that, in your admirable article on "Hitler and Halifax" last week, you should, rather superciliously, have characterised Lord Halifax's broadcast as "a highly personal appeal to the minority of British citizens who are church-going Christians." If the "church-going Christians" of our country are indeed a minority (a very loose statement without a definition of "church-going") it must be recognised that they are the very core of our people, as His Majesty's broadcasts assume them to be; and there is no reason why the Foreign Secretary should not appeal to them to uphold, by spiritual energy, the material forces we have to wield. The core may be small, but it gives vitality to the fruit. The political party of which THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is such a redoubtable organ well knows that a minority may hold the seeds of a world revolution. You believe it does.

As to the professed Christians, church-going or otherwise, among our citizens, there is, surely, no need to sneer at their profession. The vital principles of a happy and enduring nation are the Christian principles, and it is these verily for which we are striving. You yourself recognise this, and I do not suppose you intended to question it. In laying out your suggested reply to Hitler's Peace proposal you quote the foundation stone of the perfect City of God—the ideal State. "Herr Hitler," you would have our statesmen—that is, our Foreign Secretary—say: "you have expelled the mighty from their seats; now we, the free peoples of a free Commonwealth, shall exalt those that are humble and of low degree." These are the words ascribed to the mother of Jesus at the time of her Son's entry into the world; on them the new order you, and all right-thinking reformers, desire to see established after the war will have to be founded. For the realisation of our hopes we shall have to rely upon the faithful support of the "minority of church-going Christians" who, happily, are at the heart of our nation.

Herein lies the significance of Lord Halifax's broadcast. It may not have been quite of the practical kind that you would have looked for in the exponent of our foreign policy, but it was very acceptable to a very large section of the nation.

Purbrook, Hants. W. STANLEY ANDERTON

[Mr. Anderton makes a fair point when he stresses the size of the church-going community, but he has misunderstood the point of our criticism. If, as Lord Halifax suggested, this war is a Christian crusade, then the spokesman of the crusade should not limit his appeal to the converted, but should boldly tell the peoples of Europe, both Christian and non-Christian, the character of the new order of society for which we are fighting. Apart from a few vague phrases, Lord Halifax made no attempt to do this. Instead of expounding a message to all those who are humble and of low degree, he merely exhorted the elect. By so doing, he lost, in our opinion, a great opportunity.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

COMMUNISTS AND THE FRENCH COLLAPSE

SIR,—My friend, Professor Levy, as you pointed out, answers something I have never said. I did not "blame the French collapse on the shoulders of" the Communists: I explicitly "blamed it on" the reactionaries. I wrote "the betrayal of France by Pétain, Laval, Baudouin, and the rest": I wrote, too, that opponents of the Communist "line" had always pointed out that "at the moment when, in one or other of the allied countries, defeat seriously threatened, at that moment the pro-Fascist forces *inside* the country would immediately 'sell out' to the enemy, and impose a Fascist régime, dependent upon Hitler": and I was bold enough to add that we had been correct.

I was dealing only with one specific point. Communists were saying that the fall of France proved the correctness of their line: it seemed important to reply that, on the contrary, this line had "objectively assisted" in the Pétain betrayal. The meaning, of course, was that erroneous Communist tactics had made it easier for the French Fascists to betray France, however little Communists might and did desire such a result.

Had I been attempting anything so ambitious as a comprehensive analysis of the collapse, I should have touched on the points raised by Mr. Arnot in his little letter: including the matter of the "J'Accuse" manifesto—which, by reason of its date, strengthens my case ("too late") not his.

It is, therefore, recklessly preposterous of Levy to equate me with Lords Newton and Elibank, as he almost seems to do in the last paragraph of his otherwise very friendly letter. This is, let me call it, an inter-Left dispute. Even if he refuses to recognise that I am on the same side of the barricades as he, I gladly recognise that he is on the same side as I. We are discussing tactics, not motives or objectives.

Nevertheless, Levy's letter is revealing, and, therefore, important. May I summarise his argument?

1. "The enemy is Capitalism, which wages a class war inside each country."

2. "Externally, the class war is waged by throwing the workers into the struggle to acquire or to maintain empire."

3. *No section of the Capitalist class is inherently more dangerous to the workers than any other:* the workers will gain nothing by supporting one side against the other, for the side supported will submit to its rival rather than allow the workers to achieve control. (This is what Levy means by his third paragraph.)

4. Chamberlain and Daladier took the first step towards the defeat of France because, assuming that they could direct Germany against the Soviet Union, they were unprepared for a war in the West.

5. Capitalism wages war in a capitalist way—arming for profit and not efficiency. The political and financial policy of French and British capitalism was therefore responsible for "opening the door wide to the German advance."

6. It follows that "the French workers had already been sold to German Capitalism . . . before the war began."

The argument falls into two distinct halves. (1), (2) and (3) mean that, from the workers' point of view, there is nothing to choose between the two sides, both of which are deliberately making war, at the expense of the workers, for imperialist ends: that it is irrelevant whether or not the Nazis conquer Britain and France: and that (lest by any chance some fool might after all regard it as relevant) for the workers to "support" the war is actually to make defeat more probable, for the Government will submit to the enemy directly it sees a danger of the workers obtaining control. (4), (5) and (6) mean that Capitalism can't wage war effectively anyhow (but apparently Nazi-ism, which a minute ago was just "capitalism," can): that the war was lost—for France, and presumably for Britain—before it began: so why worry? Get on with the class struggle.

The slap-dash frivolity of all this, the unadulterated defeatism—socialist, working-class defeatism—is staggering. It matters overwhelmingly whether or not Nazism conquers Britain and France: and I suspect that Levy is as aware of this as I am—but, if he admitted it (as he used to) his game of Patience wouldn't "come out." Once let the Gestapo into the stronghold—and the native Fascists are always only too glad to hasten the entry—and where is there any hope of socialist advance? At the barricades, perhaps—with tanks and machine-guns on the other side, and aeroplanes overhead.

It is cowardly to suggest that the workers should not "support" the war, because if they do the capitalists, fearing their growing power, are the more likely to sell out to the enemy. *It is the job of the workers to prevent this by getting ever more control, and to have socialist confidence that they can do so.* Moreover, France shows, what was always obvious, that it is *defeat*, and not the prospect of victory, which gives the traitors their opportunity.

Of course it is true that Capitalism cannot wage this sort of war efficiently. But that is an argument in favour of ceaseless struggle for a progressive transition to Socialism *as an instrument* of the fight against Hitler—the "war on two fronts" of Harry Pollitt's pamphlet. It is not an argument for standing aside, on the plea that we are beaten already.

I believe in what Levy sees (over simply) as the class struggle, and in what I see as the struggle for the economic, intellectual and spiritual emancipation of mankind, as passionately as he: but I want to win it *now, while there is yet time*—and before the opportunity is lost, perhaps for generations. That means a careful appraisal of all the factors in the world situation, a weighing of relative strengths, a consideration of just what tactics can be pursued at this or that point with success and what cannot, and meantime and above all the prevention of defeat both from without and from within while the final triumph over *all* our enemies is being prepared. This is not easy—not by any means as easy as the over-simplified tactic of just attacking "one's own" Government. But *that* road leads to Vichy.

14 Henrietta Street, VICTOR GOLLANCZ
Covent Garden, W.C.2.

[Last week the *Daily Worker* published a long letter from Mr. John Lewis replying to Mr. Gollancz's communication to this journal on July 13th. The *Daily Worker* stated correctly that this letter had been sent to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION but had not been published. The reason for not publishing it in this journal should have been obvious. It contained untrue, and, in our judgment, libellous statements about Mr. Gollancz. Amongst other charges, it accused him of approving the treatment of anti-Fascist refugees in France; which is to our knowledge completely untrue. We understand that Mr. Gollancz has demanded an apology.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BOOKSIE BICKERINGS

SIR,—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S Mr. Stonier—(travellers in chiffons are always described as their employers' possession)—recently reproved one of my brothers for "an enconium which only one Sitwell can pay to another." This was unwise, as well as ill-mannered, for THE NEW STATESMAN is famous as an upholder of a sodality—when it is a NEW STATESMAN sodality. Mutual admiration is exhibited in your pages almost weekly: your readers could furnish endless examples.

In your present issue, Mr. T. C. Worsley bestows a full-length enconium on Mr. Auden. The worth of Mr. Worsley's critical admiration has yet to be proved, outside the circle of his friends: but he is, I understand, an intimate friend of Messrs. Auden and Spender.

Let us not blame him, then, for his loyal support. But, Sir, in your heading, Mr. Auden (much of whose work I admire greatly) has been promoted "major" by his friend. In this democratic war, a man must be a private before he can be a major.

EDITH SITWELL

REFUGEES

SIR,—May I give voice to my deep disappointment at seeing that the new instructions concerning the discharge of interned aliens leave no room for the release of all those political exiles who do not happen to belong to the "useful" categories.

I should like to demonstrate the injustice of the method that is to be applied by describing the cases of two Austrian Social Democrats.

H. L. was the leader of the Tyrolese workmen in 1934 in the revolt against the breach of the Constitution by the Dollfuss Government. He was sentenced to death, the death penalty being commuted to imprisonment. By a general amnesty he regained his freedom and lived in Czechoslovakia for some time. I am in a position to certify that, in spite of a physical defect acquired in prison, this man repeatedly went to Germany as a "courier" of an anti-Nazi organisation, and that he has risked his life innumerable times in the service of his cause. Most unluckily, however, he is not a "key man of war production," and, although the very type of fearless fighter against Nazism and dictatorship, has no hope of being released while the war is on. Another case:

When I lived in Vienna as a young Socialist, before the last war, I met a Social Democratic lawyer, Dr. M., whose work as an organiser of mass education was most remarkable. Later on, he held a high office in the Social-Democratic administration of Vienna.

A few months ago I met Dr. M. in London. He had spent more than a year at the Dachau concentration camp. Now he has been interned. I am

afraid that Dachau may have failed to break his health thoroughly enough to qualify him for release as a person "suffering" from an incurable disease. If Dr. M. had brought to this country a sum of money sufficiently large to enable him to open a factory, he would be considered as a person deserving release from internment.

May I venture to ask: Is this practice consistent with the democratic right of sanctuary?

London Representative of the WENZEL JAKSCH
Sudeten German Social Democratic Party,
16 Laurel Gardens, London, N.W.7.

[We regret that we have had to hold over a very large number of letters on this subject. Some of the points raised by our correspondents are included in an article elsewhere in this issue. We should like to thank all those who have helped us to state the cause of decency and commonsense in dealing with the refugee problem.—ED. *N.S.&N.*]

HUNGER IN EUROPE

SIR,—The article, "Will Hunger Win the War?" published this week, contains a number of inaccuracies. It seems that your correspondent misunderstands the European food situation. Nobody doubts Germany's ability to provide adequate food supplies for her population during the winter, according to her present standards. It is evident that the rest of Europe will be reduced to sustenance level only to achieve this. Hunger will not win the war by reducing Germany this winter; but it might help by creating revolution and all its complications in the rest of Europe. It is not unreasonable to think that, as famine sweeps across Europe, though Germany be spared, Hitler will find his position as master more precarious, and invasion of England consequently more risky.

Your correspondent lightly casts aside the possibility of famine in Europe outside Germany because the reduction in the harvest is only in the region of 5 per cent. But in peacetime Europe imports 50 per cent. of her corn. The reduction, therefore, due to the blockade is more in the region of 55 per cent. Surely sufficient to cause famine.

Again, in the case of Holland and Denmark he misunderstands the situation. Though exports to Germany may be maintained, or increased, to the rest of Europe they must fall heavily, because the imported feeding-stuffs and fertilisers on which they are dependent are cut off by the blockade. Thus again, though Germany may not suffer greatly this winter, her vassal States will. However distressing this is, it nevertheless is a factor likely to help considerably towards winning the war.

Aldwick Cottage, C. S. BERGER
Bray, Berks.

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C. V. B.

CHINA AND JAPAN

SIR,—Few people know their Japan better than A. Morgan Young, for whose erudition I have the greatest respect, but he is on less familiar ground when he comes to deal with China, and this was revealed towards the end of his article on "Japan's Quick-Changing Governments" in your issue of July 27.

His suggestion that certain recent events might incline Chiang Kai-Shek to agree to the division of China between himself and the Japanese is so far-fetched as to be unthinkable. It is all very well to speculate, but speculation should bear some relation to reality.

H. J. TIMPERLEY

'Of all those who fled from Nazi Germany, Otto Strasser is by far the best qualified to interpret the mind of the Führer and the policy of National Socialism.'
R. H. CROSSMAN in the *New Statesman*

Hitler and I *by* **OTTO STRASSER** (8*s*. 6*d*)

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Civilization and Liberty *by* **RAMSAY MUIR**

'Mr. Muir is a master of concise exposition. His ability to present a multitude of facts in a summary and digestible form give his work high educational value, and its *exceedingly low price* (made possible by the help of the Association for Education in Citizenship) puts it within almost everyone's reach. It is the work of an acute and liberal mind. It is an exceptionally timely book.' Gerald Bullett in *John O' London* 288 *pages*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

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'The range is the range of O. Henry, but the technique is reversed. He is always spirited and sometimes deeply moving.' *The Times Literary Supplement* 7*s*. 6*d*.

Untimely Ulysses *by* **VINCENT BRUN**

'An unusual sort of novel. A story about refugees and Nazis, and no doubt there are others besides myself who have vowed not to read another word about them. However I recommend it. It is an excellent and devastating entertainment.' *Time and Tide* 8*s*.

Trouble in July *by* **ERSKINE CALDWELL**

'Erskine Caldwell is one of the best living American writers. Where he excels is in the sheer telling of a story. He does this by writing of "ordinary" people in a predicament. Immediate happenings are seen in the light of eternal verities, and social disorder is measured by the conception of social justice. *Trouble in July* is about a lynching.' *Now and Then* *Published to-day*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

A Footman for the Peacock *by* **RACHEL FERGUSON**

Author of *A Harp in Lowndes Square*, *Alas, Poor Lady*, etc. A country house and its denizens form the background of a gay conversation piece. *Published to-day*. 8*s*.

JONATHAN CAPE · THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE · LONDON

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Exceedingly unkind to "mother's boy," the modern psychologist is almost equally harsh towards "father's girl." We have reached a point where any adult, male or female, who can be suspected of deep devotion to either parent, is written off as a perverse and frustrated character whose weaknesses were all connected with that single unfortunate trait. Fanny Burney is fair game for the contemporary critic. But if it is true that her life illustrates many of the perils attendant on being too good a daughter, her works remain to show that those dangers may be surmounted or at least that their effect need not be completely crushing. Dr. Burney encircled and overshadowed her entire existence. And to examine Dr. Burney is to learn to distrust him: for, although Mrs. Woolf in one of her most mellifluous essays has paid a tribute to his energy and charm and humour, an impression persists that the bustling music-master was a born domestic tyrant whose whimsical *bonhomie* served merely to conceal his egotism and who did not trample on his children's wishes so much as gently overlay them, settling down on opposition like a gigantic feather-bed. He did not forbid: he did not command: he simply declined to notice. Besides, in his own practised and pleasant way, Dr. Burney was an egregious social snob; and his determination to have a daughter attached to the Royal Family and his bland refusal to take cognisance of his daughter's sufferings, cost Fanny five long years of boredom and wretchedness. When she at last escaped from her Court servitude, in July, 1791, both her spirits and vitality had sunk to the lowest level. But her affection for Dr. Burney burned as bright as ever.

No young woman by temperament could have been less rebellious: and it seems clear that her adoration of her father and her habit of referring constantly to the parental wishes exercised a stunting effect upon her adult growth. *Evelina* had been the exceptionally brilliant freak of an unusually quick-witted and intelligent girl: and, looking back, she was positively abashed by her own temerity. It is hard to believe that she—the dutiful and retiring Fanny—should have held surreptitious converse with the muse of fiction: and once the relationship had been regularised by the success of her story and everybody, including her father himself, had begun to clamour for more, she was overcome by a feeling of deep self-consciousness. Never again would she achieve that mood of light-hearted, high-spirited detachment which she had enjoyed while she was writing *Evelina*. She had derived special satisfaction from her pictures of "low life"; and it was embarrassing to realise that her father's friends wondered with amusement just how her material had been collected. For example, there was an occasion when she and Dr. Burney had dined and spent the day at Sir Joshua Reynolds' house:

> Sir Joshua had two snuff-boxes in use, a gold and a tin one; I examined them, and asked why he made use of such a vile and shabby tin one.
>
> "Why," said he laughing, "because I naturally love a little of the blackguard. Aye, and so do you too, little as you look as if you did, and all the people all day long are saying, where can you have seen such company as you treat us with?"

"A little of the blackguard"—it was true and shocking! And her later novels, *Cecilia*, *Camilla* and *The Wanderer*, laboriously ground out between 1782 and 1814, were destined to make up in stilted decorum what they lacked in liveliness. Her readers might complain, but her father should have no reason to disapprove. Yet, although successfully banished from her fiction, that touch of spirited malice and critical independence, which had astonished Dr. Burney and delighted Reynolds and Burke and Johnson, continued to make an appearance in her diary and journal-letters. *The Diary of Fanny Burney** (a useful abridgment of *The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay*, recently included in the Everyman Series) is still one of the most fascinating of private records. Incidentally, it is an absorbing study of character, the high lights being provided by the subject's wit, her gift of rendering dialogue and her extraordinary knack of turning an anecdote: the shadows by her timid subservience and sentimentalism.

This chiaroscuro gives the narrative a double interest. Had Fanny Burney been a less dutiful daughter and found it less easy to transfer her reverence for her parent to the prosaic imposing figures of George and Charlotte, how much less vivid might have been her sketches of the Royal Family! As it is, when she ventures to criticise, she does so in spite of herself. All the time she is struggling to maintain her loyalty, abounds in praises of the Queen's benevolence and superlative condescension, dwells at length on the Princesses' angelic qualities: but a certain note of critical insight keeps murmuring through. No doubt the Queen was amiable and the King was fatherly: but the life that centred around them was of an appalling tedium, and the menial service that they exacted almost broke her spirit. Kew was a prison house: Windsor, particularly during the winter months, a Gothic inferno with its icy chapel and its labyrinth of draughty passages, where ladies and equerries shivered and snuffled and grumbled, as they kicked their heels awaiting the Royal pleasure. Colonel Goldsworthy sighed among the evening tea-cups, shaking his head lugubriously over the woes of a courtier's lot; Mrs. Schwellenberg insisted on pulling down the carriage windows (though Fanny was suffering from a violent cold) or gave utterance to her detestation of everything English. There was always the danger that one might miss a summons and hear the freezing words: "Where have you been, Miss Burney?" break the apprehensive hush of the Royal boudoir, to which one could only falter back that one had been out walking. "Republican feelings" would sometimes surge up even in Fanny's breast: but a few tactful words by the Queen were enough to soothe them—"when presently, in a voice changed from that dryness which had wholly disconcerted me, to its natural tone, she condescended to ask me to look at Lady Frances Howard's gown, and see if it was not very pretty."

Fanny had had two years' experience of the rigours of Court life before its dull calm was suddenly shattered by a major catastrophe. Her account of the King's madness is deservedly celebrated. George III's "extreme quickness of speech and manner," his gobbling turkey-cock flow of guttural queries, so often ridiculed by the satirists of the Opposition—

> Methinks I hear,
> In accents clear,
> Great Brunswick's voice still vibrate on my ear:
> "What?—What?—What?"

grew more and more remarkable till he was nearly speechless. But still he talked and still his attendants were condemned to listen. On and on rambled the voice of the loquacious madman, "so lost in hoarseness and weakness, it was rendered almost inarticulate," but continuing once at a stretch for forty-eight hours. Otherwise there was dead silence throughout the palace, while the candles burned low in their sockets and the Princesses wept and the King's gentlemen and pages sat up in the ante-room glued, rigid with exhaustion, to chairs and sofas. One day at Kew, walking alone in the gardens, Fanny caught sight of the King and his doctors, and saw him dart away from them and start in pursuit of her, "loudly and hoarsely calling after me: 'Miss Burney! Miss Burney!'" He followed till she paused, terrified but out of breath, put his hands about her shoulders and kissed her tenderly, then burst out into a flood of advice and confidences. "Stick to your father—stick to your own family," he urged her again and again. "I will protect you!—I promise you that . . . ." To which Fanny "merely curtsied . . . and said nothing."

Written in her "earliest and best manner, in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively" (to quote from Macaulay's eloquent appreciation) the *Diary* is without any doubt Miss Burney's masterpiece. An almost perfect balance exists between writer and subject-matter; for though her character is conveyed in every scene she describes, other personalities seem to shine through it without distortion, and even her prejudices remain transparent. She disliked Boswell; yet she depicts him with brilliant accuracy, rushing beside her to the door of her lodgings from St. George's Chapel, pestering her for anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, good-humouredly insisting that she should resign her post:

> "I am extremely glad to see you, indeed," he cried, "but very sorry to see you here. My dear ma'am, why do you stay?—it won't do, ma'am! you must resign!—we can put up with it no longer. I told my good host the Bishop so last night; we are all grown quite outrageous!"

With just as much skill she describes her old friend, Mrs. Thrale, or Miss Sophy Streatfield, "the beautiful S.S.," who could cry to order and displayed this talent for the company's benefit, remaining in the midst of her tears composed and lovely, or the "strange young girl" met at Mrs. Lambart's who informed the sympathetic novelist that she despaired of happiness but yearned for a consuming destructive passion, while Fanny was "quite thunderstruck" and "could not say a word"—an attitude she often adopted in moments of difficulty, so perplexing was the universe in which she found herself, with its royal madmen, its lovers, its eccentrics and atheists, so modest her opinion of her own achievements. That native modesty was perhaps her greatest asset. Her *Diary* is the record of an exceedingly limited mind—of a spirit circumscribed by upbringing and taste and temperament. Fanny Burney never quite grew up; she was always her father's girl. But to have grasped one's limitations is sometimes the beginning of literary virtue.

PETER QUENNELL

* *The Diary of Fanny Burney*. Edited by Lewis Gibbs. Everyman's Library. *Dent*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

NEW NOVELS

High Sierra. By W. R. BURNETT. *Heinemann*. 8*s*.

Sailor Off the Bremen. By IRWIN SHAW. *Cape*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Living Space. By WALTER ALLEN. *Michael Joseph*. 8*s*.

The Chemist's Wife. By PEGGY WHITEHOUSE. *Lane*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Mariana. By MONICA DICKENS. *Michael Joseph*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

The difference between American and English fiction is not easy to define, although it is easily recognised, but I think it resides largely in the greater plasticity and narrower range of the American idiom. Ever since Mr. Hemingway discovered that there was a story in the phrase "So I socked him," American writers have exploited the demotic idiom of their country, revelling in its economy, its readiness to respond to new inventions, its concrete and pictorial imagery. The cartoon-American is for us a man who boasts and exaggerates, the man who perfected the colossal and insists on shouting about it; but there are two kinds of exaggeration, understatement as well as overstatement, and in literature the characteristic American

what the critics think of

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RICHARD CHURCH *(in "John o'London's Weekly")*

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IVOR BROWN *(in the "Observer")*

"The charm of the book is the way in which tenderness seeps up through the coarseness of London life. One easily surrenders to Fanny, that modest, humorous, affectionate creature. But her story is made all the more persuasive by her gas-lit background. The heroine is as charming as the London scene is sinister—this latter a social landscape of rare power in its garishness and gloom."

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style is made of comic understatement. At its best English writing, I think, has greater density: a closer texture, a deeper imaginative sense of background. The English idiom is on the whole the more resourceful. Even Faulkner, who of living Americans has the finest touch with language, has to work his phrasing so hard that he seems to sweat with the labour of it; but there is no English writer who "comes clean" with the sure and unembarrassed line, shading off into the comedy of understatement, which is the outstanding feature of current American fiction. Neither Mr. Burnett nor Mr. Shaw is in the top flight of Americans, but they both have this attractive national style. In *High Sierra* and in Mr. Shaw's collection of stories the words come off the page with a nip, as if the sun were on them and they had a bright and shining look. At no point do they sag down into the lush introspection, the sloppy wodge of stale detail, the garrulous anecdotage, which characterise the mediocre sort of English fiction. Theirs is not a prose of the grand manner, but it stands up to its job, it looks as fresh as paint, and it comes easy on the eyes.

Mr. Burnett is the author of *Little Caesar*, so he may be described as the man who puts the bullets into Edward G. Robinson's gun. *High Sierra* is primarily another box-office smash for Edward G. You can almost hear the cameras at work while you read, but in spite of that it is something more than the story of a film. Mr. Burnett's talent is not confined to working out the action and filling in some bright dialogue. He writes well and he has made a decently rounded story out of what might have been trite material. His central figure is a gangster, newly released from jail and beginning to feel the years. The great days of Dillinger have passed, the new boys are soft, and the gangster begins to see himself as an old-timer. He takes charge of a big hotel raid, but circumstances are against him; his boss dies at an inconvenient moment, his accomplices make a mess of their get-away, someone else betrays him, and after a short run in the limelight as Public Enemy Number One he is cornered and killed. It is to Mr. Burnett's credit that his gangster is credible throughout; neither a monster of melodrama nor a sentimentalised gorilla with a hidden heart of gold who turns out to be human "after all." In the words of one of the characters, he is "just like any ordinary nice guy, except once in a while you seem awful tough." This is a likeable and honest portrait; human, not "after all," but all the time. This laconic, worrying, middle-aged man is, as he himself insists, some sort of relation under the skin to the more predatory sort of financial wizard; noticing that the nice guys in this world just get pushed around, he decides regretfully to do some of the pushing. And I doubt if his story will be better told than in *High Sierra*.

Mr. Shaw's stories are easygoing, competent and well slicked up. The title story is "So I socked him" again, wrapped up in anti-Nazi ribbon. The others would make a bright spot in any magazine. Mr. Shaw has at his command the racy and inventive idiom which I have described, and he uses it expertly; particularly in *I Stand by Dempsey*, a gay little farce in which two arguing men seem to have stumbled on the English language for the first time, and in another extremely amusing story entitled *March, March on down the Field*. Without breaking any records, *Sailor off the Bremen* is an attractive collection of stories, well above the average and sure of a welcome in this country.

Walter Allen's *Living Space* brings us home, in the homeliest sense. Here is the seedy, humdrum, Nonconformist England of ordinary folk in an industrial town—the England of drab streets and pubs and respectability and eccentric characters and neighbourly bickering and homely virtues. A familiar scene appreciated for its familiarity. Mr. Allen has made a group-portrait of the inhabitants of Blenheim Terrace—the decaying milkman, the careerist schoolmaster with unpleasant ambitions, the half-wit in a wheel-chair, the decent bus-conductor whose wife is having her first, the amateur tart, and many others. *Living Space* is an abundant cross-section of provincial life below the five-quid-a-week line, done with intimate knowledge and an honest eye. Mr. Allen understands these people in their own terms and does not transpose them into any other. He lacks the imaginative power which Frank O'Connor has recently shown with a similar theme in *Dutch Interior*. His manner is relatively commonplace. Nevertheless, he brings his characters to life by the uncommon accuracy of his observation. The Sunday School teacher denouncing "lust," the sudden kindliness of neighbours, the fear of the underworld of petty crime, the awful loss of respectability by being involved in a pub brawl, the pride and touchiness of young *fiancés*, these things are deep in the pattern of the life which Mr. Allen describes. In this kind of anthology of character many novelists are satisfied with a sufficient diversity to prove that it takes all sorts to make a world, but Mr. Allen has a sharp enough insight to produce at least three characters who might have stolen the novel and made it their own. Cockeye, the brilliant schoolboy whose sexual obsession leads him to bag-snatching, and the workless "wide boy," who is picked up by a smart homosexual, are both sympathetic portraits of destruction; Geoffrey, the mother's boy genteelly on the make and damned by his success, makes up with them a trio of unusually sensitive portrayals.

The heroine of *The Chemist's Wife* probably lives not far from Mr. Allen's Blenheim Terrace, but they are divided by such a gulf as only the human mind can invent. Mr. Allen writes soberly and without pomp about a homely world in which a spade is a spade, neither more nor less; Miss Whitehouse, however, is pretentious and her characters, divesting themselves of almost everything which makes the Blenheim Terraces of England what they are, face life with nothing much but an extremely lacerated soul. Minna, the chemist's wife, is one of the legion of the Unhappily Married. This makes her sad. She has an abortive love-affair, and that seems to make her pretty sad, too. The second shot works out better, but the poor girl still seems fairly glum about life, so she comes back to her chemist: only to find that lover number two has just been killed in an air-crash, and lover number one has been murdered by her husband. And that, as Mr. Burnett would say, is plenty tough. Still, she ought not to complain, for she has been embalmed with most loving hands by Miss Whitehouse. Morally Minna seems to me to live in what Shenstone called a "very refined state of indolence," taking herself with extreme seriousness, basking in lovely introspections and making a romantic virtue of her pleasure. Miss Whitehouse broods over this dreamy Daphne with poetic fervour, committing sophisticated little naïveties in a kind of repetitive Basic English. The very intensity of her preoccupation occasionally gives Miss Whitehouse a weighty air of mystery, and at least it must be conceded that she set out with a brave ambition, but on the whole her narrative blurs out in a fog of verbiage.

Miss Monica Dickens lives in a less rarefied atmosphere. Her heroine is a straightforward English gel who, at the beginning of *Mariana*, has just heard of the sinking of her husband's ship. While we wait for news and the names of the survivors, Miss Dickens runs through Mary's life up to date. It is a quite pleasant life, with a roguish uncle on the stage, a bouncing mother, some rich relations, a lovely country

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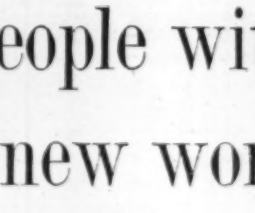

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house for the background of childhood, and so forth. Miss Dickens obviously enjoys talking about it all, and anecdote follows anecdote in the jolly way of two old friends playing at "Do you remember that time when—?" Even the mention of lunch at a station buffet is not complete without an inventory of the menu in this strain of gay reminiscence:

> Mrs. Shannon had, at one time or another, hopefully tried all the food on the counter and had eventually reached the conclusion that biscuits and milk chocolate and a cup of tea were the most harmless. Mary always had a large sausage roll, a ham sandwich, two doughnuts, and a stone bottle of rather warm ginger-beer, which came back afterwards down her nose. It was fun, this lunch.

Well, it was fun. And *Mariana* will be fun for those who like to look through other people's snap-albums and listen to the usual commentary.

CHRISTOPHER BARTON

THE CONDITIONS OF ECONOMIC MOBILISATION

Industrial South Wales. By PHILIP MASSEY. *Gollancz.* 9*s.*

Mr. Philip Massey is a writer with a talent for industrial description; and in this book he starts with the advantage that a large part of South Wales has already been competently described, and its economic possibilities carefully studied, in the three volumes of the recent, *Second Industrial Survey of South Wales.* Mr. Massey naturally draws largely upon this source of information; but he also brings to his subject a fresh mind of his own, and an ability to appreciate difficulties as well as to suggest plausible schemes of development. His book was written before the war; and this makes some parts of it inapposite as a description of South Wales to-day. But not even war has so far materially changed the character of the South Wales industrial problem; and for the most part what Mr. Massey says stands good with only minor modifications.

Indeed, the chief lesson which emerges from his survey is one which it is imperatively necessary to bring home to a community which is attempting—or must be presumed to be attempting—to wage totalitarian war. It is that it is quite impossible successfully to plan the restoration to health of an area where industries are in decline, as long as the setting up or discontinuance of economic activity depends on the private decisions of business men. If business men do not of their own accord provide enough employment to keep an area prosperous, the only way of inducing them to do so known to the private enterprise system is to bribe them. But such bribes, even if they are effective, set up highly undesirable repercussions—anti-dumping action by importing countries and clamour for more bribes from other areas which complain of unfair competition. Moreover, it is impossible to plan housing and the provision of social services in the right relation to industry until it is known what industries are to be set up, and where. But under private enterprise this cannot be known until it has actually happened.

Everything that Mr. Massey says about the difficulties of private enterprise planning in time of peace applies even more forcibly in time of war. The mess we are at present making of the job of shifting over to war production a large part of the resources and man-power normally devoted to consumers' trades is mainly due to the fact that we are trying to make the change by the normal methods of inducement and private contract instead of doing it by comprehensive public planning in the national interest. The result is haphazard evacuation of factories from vulnerable areas, and planless growth of new factories and extensions for war purposes with scant regard for the availability of labour, or housing accommodation or for the convenience of transport of men or goods.

Therefore Mr. Massey's study, though written in peacetime, remains well worth reading to-day. It reinforces the lesson, which we must learn if we are to put forward our maximum economic effort, that private enterprise, whatever its virtues in other respects, cannot plan except for restriction, and is therefore utterly unfit to serve as an instrument either for large-scale redevelopment of a depressed area such as South Wales, or for the mobilisation of national economic resources in time of war.

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A SOVIET COMEDY

Diamonds to Sit On. By ILYA ILF and EUGENE PETROV. Translated by ELIZABETH HILL and DORIS MUDIE. *The Labour Book Service.* 2*s.* 6*d.* to members.

The lyrical or documentary ferro-concrete phase in Soviet literature was good propaganda for export, but it was not the whole story. Idealism breeds its cynics and satirists, and for some time they have been nibbling away in Russian letters. *Diamonds to Sit On* is an example. It is an Aldwych farce or a Wodehouse knockabout, set in Russia and with the labels altered. High-spirited, cruel, extravagant and—until the last chapter—hilariously detached and cynical, it belongs to the tradition of Andreyev, the humour of inhuman juxtapositions and exaggerations:

> There were so many hairdressers and undertakers in a certain Russian provincial town called N . . . that it looked as if the inhabitants were born for the sole purpose of having a shave, a hair-cut, or a refreshing shampoo, and then of dying immediately after. In actual fact, there were very few births, shaves, or deaths in the town, for life was very quiet there. The evenings in the spring were intoxicating, the mud glistened in the moonlight like anthracite, and all the young men in the town were so much in love with the secretary of the Union of Communist Youth that she could not collect the subscriptions properly.

The theme is a ridiculous treasure hunt. Hippolyte Vorobianinov, an unfrocked nobleman, hears his hated mother-in-law say on her death-bed that during the revolution she had hidden her diamonds in one of the drawing-room chairs. They were left behind in the flight, and Hippolyte sets out to comb Russia for the treasure; Hippolyte is a stuffy nincompoop, the born victim. A marvellously glib scoundrel called Bender soon shakes the story out of Hippolyte, blackmails him into partnership, and the rest of the novel is the picaresque story of Bender's delicious flights of inventive effrontery and Hippolyte's incompetence. Bender is a natural hoaxer. There is no personality he will not assume on the spur of the moment; there is no building or institution into which he cannot enter and where he cannot do what he likes. Arriving at the Home for the Aged, he immediately terrorises the superintendent by pretending to be the Fire Inspector. Bender's technique is simple. Everyone has a guilty conscience; suggest you know all and they will come clean at once and become putty in your hands. The simplest and commonest guilt to suggest is political. The whole of Russia, according to the divine Bender, is terrified because of its political past. He is the superb ventriloquist and Hippolyte is his wretched dummy.

Money is obtained to finance the treasure hunt; but Hippolyte makes a mess of it at the last moment. They are just about to buy the chairs at an auction when Hippolyte confesses

that he has lost every rouble on a drinking bout the night before. The chase goes on from absurdity to absurdity. A priest is endeavouring to double-cross them. They have to devise ingenious means of removing the single chairs they have traced from their present owners. Bender goes to the length of marrying a widow for her chair, Hippolyte fights the priest in a street for another and they tear it to pieces between them. Bender poses as a bailiff. There is a ridiculous episode where an engineer, having lathered himself in his bath, finds the water is cut off, and has to remain all day in his flat caked in dried soap. Bender arrives, pitches a yarn, removes his chair and leaves him.

I have mentioned Andreyev. There is a perfect Andreyev scene towards the end of the book. Father Theodore, the double-crossing priest, meets Bender and Hippolyte near Tiflis and they chase the priest up a mountain. The wretch becomes picturesquely delirious.

> "On the right is the castle of Tamara," said the experienced guide. "On the left is a live man. How he climbed up that rock and what he lives on no one knows."
>
> "What strange people!" said the tourists. "He must be a child of the mountains."
>
> Clouds gathered and eagles began to soar overhead. The boldest among them swooped down and stole the last piece of sausage, while a second eagle lifted the last piece of bread in its beak and then dropped it into the River Terek. Father Theodore threatened the eagles with one finger and began to recite a nursery rhyme. The eagles looked at Father Theodore; then they gave a piercing screech and flew away.
>
> Ten days later the fire brigade came from Vladekaokaz with the necessary equipment and hauled Father Theodore down and took him to the nearest lunatic asylum.

Diamonds to Sit On has the sudden transitions of a seamy and comical dream. Its humour is modern, that is to say without pity—the humour of people whose humanity has been exhausted by too much believing. It is a fanatical humour and for this reason the book is a minor work. A Gogol would have made one feel sympathy for the muddled and irrelevant dignity of Hippolyte; these modern authors make the poor man commit a savage murder, and end with a vulgar moral in the worst taste of the Five-Year Plan period. (The book was first published in 1930.) But such limitations do not seriously affect one's enjoyment of a farce so packed with character and incident, so impudent and original, that it must be one of the funniest books of this decade. The Labour Book Service are to be congratulated on making it available to their members.

V. S. PRITCHETT

BLOOD AND WOOL

German Perspectives. By R. HINTON THOMAS. *Heffer.* 6s.

This book consists of a collection of short lectures on modern German literature, with special reference to the movement known as Expressionism.

Just as French art has always tended towards the purity of music, so German art has always tended towards the impurity of Expressionism. Grünwald and Baldung-Grien, *Faust II* and *Die Natürliche Tochter*, the history of German opera from Weber to Krenek: the list is sufficiently long and comprehensive before including those who actually called themselves Expressionists. The movement became explicit in the years preceding the last war and reached its apogee during the *Totentanz* of the Inflation period. It is an interesting movement, essentially concerned with the stage and now more important for the improvements in stagecraft which its technique called forth than for its actual artistic achievement, which must be accounted small.

The classic-romantic muddle had haunted the brains of Germans ever since the unfortunate Winckelmann descended on Rome (it may even be that Attila started the business), but at no time was it so pronounced as it has recently become. The trouble originates in the inability of Germans to understand that, as a race, they always have been, are, and are likely to remain, incapable of true classicism, which is not—as their theorists too often appear to think—something achieved once and for all in the remote past, but an attitude to life and as such applicable at any period. It is a question of temperament, and the system of values implied by the word classical is necessarily a closed book to a people whose most enduring characteristic consists in a flat refusal to see life steadily and as it is. But even when German writers consent to view the problem from this angle, there is usually something naïve and conceited in the result. Mr. Hinton Thomas gives two revealing instances. In one, Wilhelm Bölsche, lecturing in 1899, concluded that "we must abandon the historical conception of Goethe and recreate his spirit within ourselves in accordance with our own development." So far so good; but what is made to follow from this is fantastic, namely, that "thereby mankind will overcome the duality of existence and, when this is achieved, Goethe will according to the law of evolution be forgotten '*weil wir alle Goethe sind.*'" As who should say: Thoroughly assimilate Shakespeare's temperament and view of life, and Shakespeare's work will cease to be either necessary or interesting. There is something pathetic, fascinating and profoundly depressing in the perpetual efforts of German intellectuals to free themselves from their debt of gratitude to him whom they all know in their hearts to have been their greatest man. It is as if all were bent on devising some kind of *Überwindung* which would exorcise that tremendous spirit for good and all. And it is also revealing that these efforts are always accompanied by an equally pathetic persuasion that Shakespeare was "really" (i.e. metaphysically) a German, because they believe that it is his art, rather than Goethe's, which justifies their philosophical egotism and extravagance.

The second example dates from 1937. Nazism brought with it a fresh wave of "Hellenism," based, not as the Hellenism of the nineteen-twenties had been, on Hölderlin, but on a misunderstanding of Stefan George. Listen to Herr Binding: "When once the form of the Greek youth has been separated from that of the German . . . then will the former be able to move into the latter's shadow." And he adds, complacently enough: "We shall not need to be ashamed of the fact that he it was who helped us to pass beyond him." Thus are the Greeks relegated to the position of Fifth Columnists!

"The conceit of Germans has become perverted, through the poverty of their social life, into self-righteousness and sentimentality," said Hofmannstahl, many years ago, thus adding a rider to Goethe's famous remark to Eckermann, to the effect that aeons must pass before the Germans ceased to be barbarians—a passage characteristically deleted from Nazi editions of the Conversations. The remark would seem to be true; but the remedy, if only the Germans could realise it, does not lie in striving after an ideal of Hellenism that has no basis in the past or even in potentiality, and hence produces nothing but a series of variations on a *tableau vivant* of Greece which has done duty for so long that the costumes are unrecognisably dirty and tattered, the *figurants* hopelessly exhausted. Where the true remedy for the sickness of the Teutonic spirit is to be found, this is perhaps not the moment to inquire. Forcible restraint—from outside—is the best that can be done for the present; later, those who survive to

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rebuild Europe out of the desert made by Hitler's maniacal outburst will have to sift from the brains of at least two ruined generations of young people those elemental seeds of thought and feeling that, in due time and nourished—not on blood and wool—but on the plain milk of fact and disinterested co-operation, may, one can but hope, refound German culture on some system that dovetails with those of other races.

Only the truly modest can really understand other people and other civilisations, and very few Germans—certainly not the vocal ones—are capable of modesty. Egotism is as fatal to the study of history (*vide* Hegel or Macaulay) as it is in private life, and almost as fatal to the best kind of art—the kind, I mean, which has the deepest and most enduring, as opposed to the widest and most instantaneous, appeal. Expressionism may claim descent from the "dionysiac" type of Greek art—if such can be said ever really to have existed outside the imagination of Nietzsche; but the claim is little but a pompous word, the fact being that dionysiac simply = romantic, i.e. the condition to which German art, of all kinds, has perpetually reverted—as crimson rhododendrons slip back to the good old Ponticum, if left to their own devices. Born of a misconception, Expressionism was doomed from the outset to a career of violent improvisation. A single masterpiece flowered out of one corner of that Wagnerian rock-garden—Georg Kaiser's *Oktobertag*, in some ways the most beautiful and imaginative play of our time. The influence of the movement, as Mr. Hinton Thomas does not omit to point out, is extremely strong in the experimental plays of Spender, Auden and Isherwood; but you would not gather from his pages how very clumsy those experiments were. Mr. Eliot's *The Family Reunion* also is a distant cousin of Expressionist drama; but it is subtler, its style is on a far higher level of poetic development; and its faults proceed from other causes.

Mr. Hinton Thomas relates Kafka, George and even Rilke (presumably on the strength of the Tenth Duinese Elegy) to the Expressionists. Attempts to hitch large, independent planets to their rickety waggons have always formed part of the programmes of *avant-garde* movements; such impertinences bring their own punishment, in the form of posthumous ridicule. Those three poets were as certainly far above the ruck of Expressionism as Picasso is above Surrealism. Rilke and Kafka (Mr. Hinton Thomas has some interesting pages on the latter and his relation to Kierkegaard) are as probably immortal as any contemporary writer and more than most. Stefan George, on the other hand, still abides our question: he had enormous poetic talent, a genuine appreciation of French and English poetry, as his wonderful translations show, and—whatever the Nazis may say—an international conception of culture. But his actual achievement was in effect lessened by *fin-de-siècle* preciousness and by a set of monstrous personal affectations—product of a most unfortunate type of decorative homosexuality—which inevitably found their way into his work, to its detriment. Yet his importance is indubitable, and to explore his works is an odd and fascinating experience.

The extreme compression with which this book is written results in dryness and suggests an impartiality its author possibly does not entertain. It is in any case a book for specialists, for the general reader will be put off by the attention given and the importance attributed to obscure writers of whom he will certainly never have heard. One could wish, therefore, that Mr. Hinton Thomas had spread himself a little more, for his learning is great and his judgments would, one feels, have profited by a wider frame of reference.

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GOLDEN BRANCH AMID THE SHADOWS

James George Frazer. By R. ANGUS DOWNIE. *Watts. 5s.*

"Upon a happy day," says Mr. Downie in his preface, "I hit upon *The Golden Bough*, carried it home, and devoured it." The impression which the book made upon him was "so vivid as to be a personal experience." This statement indicates the slightly over-ecstatic condition of Mr. Downie's mind, for, after all, every impression, even if it be not vivid, is a personal experience. His enthusiasm for *The Golden Bough* led him to study Frazer's other works and eventually to become his assistant. It is doubtful whether either the valet or secretary of a great man should write a critical biography of him, for each tends to regard him either as a hero or the opposite, and truth cannot be translated into the terms of heroism. It is, of course, pleasant to see a man enthusiastic in a good cause, and Frazer and his works are a good cause and worthy of enthusiasm. But in a book such as Mr. Downie has written a certain aloofness of judgment, incompatible with naïve hero-worship, is essential. Frazer's life is contained in his work, which in a short bibliography consists of some eighty volumes. Mr. Downie gives a brief account of the various books and an appreciation of the author's style and influence. It is not uninteresting, but the praise is too ingenuous and undiscriminating.

To judge the value of Frazer's work intelligently and impartially at the present moment is probably impossible, but an attempt to do so by someone who stood outside the controversies of the various schools of anthropology would be extremely valuable. It has passed through the usual stages of over- and under-estimation which seem to be inevitable whenever anyone breaks new ground and drives his furrow so persistently and so deep as to leave an indelible mark upon some branch of human knowledge. *The Golden Bough* (not to speak of the many other anthropological volumes) is one of those books which have a tremendously vitalising and fertilising effect upon a branch of human knowledge. It is not unworthy of comparison with *The Origin of Species*. Both books consist largely of an immense number of facts, collected and related with immense patience; in both the generalisations from this vast accumulation of facts are made with extreme caution and even reluctance, and at the same time they have a kind of cosmic range and relevance. To many people Frazer seemed to do for the mental evolution of the human race what Darwin had done for its physical evolution. Whatever be the ultimate judgment upon his method and conclusions, there can be no doubt of the profound effect that he has had upon the science of anthropology. Mr. Downie's chapter on his influence shows that in the opinion of many people his achievement is comparable with that of a Newton or a Darwin. Professor Malinowski—somewhat hypothetically, it must be admitted—counts him as "the greatest anthropologist of our age," and Mr. Brailsford once wrote that "when posterity comes to estimate the work of our age, the record of Sir James Frazer would suffice, almost of itself, to redeem it of a charge of sterility."

The whirligig of knowledge and taste has lately been turning the circle, and there is a new school of anthropologists who take a very different view of *The Golden Bough*, its author and his disciples. Their objections are very clearly stated in Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture*, a book of real depth and brilliancy. She maintains that Frazer and his school produce merely "analytical discussions of traits and ignore all the aspects of cultural integration," that they collect bits of behaviour with regard, say, to mating or magic indiscriminately from innumerable societies, torn from their context, and build up out of them "a kind of mechanical Frankenstein's monster," a model of "primitive culture" which corresponds to no reality either in the past or the present. The only way in which it is possible to understand the significance of any particular detail of behaviour is as a part of the particular culture to which it belongs, i.e. to see it "against the background of the motives and emotions and values that are institutionalised in that culture."

Miss Benedict has herself shown how fruitful is the newer anthropological method for which she stands, the analysis of cultures rather than of culture and the comparison of cultural patterns rather than of traits of behaviour. Frazer, who is the most modest of writers, has himself, to some extent, already disarmed such critics; in the preface to *Aftermath*, the supplement to *The Golden Bough*, he remarks that "if my writings should survive the writer, they will do so, I believe, less for the sake of the theories which they propound than for the sake of the facts which they record." We think that both the author of *The Golden Bough* and Miss Benedict underestimate its value, and that the circle has already turned too far from indiscriminating praise to criticism. Frazer was doing one thing and Miss Benedict is doing another, and there is a place for both methods in the anthropological study of man. Frazer is concerned with particular patterns of human beliefs or behaviour, e.g. magic or superstition, and their relation to the general history of the human race. There is a place for such study and it provides valuable knowledge, even though it is true that it does not give us a picture of any "primitive culture" which has ever, in fact, existed. Miss Benedict is concerned with particular cultures; she

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studies them as integrated wholes and compares their patterns. In doing this she shows how a trait like that of magic, which may be common to all primitive cultures, is given a particular form by the pattern of each primitive culture. But the questions asked by Frazer still remain relevant and important; her work is to a considerable extent based upon his, for it has grown out of it, and by her new methods she is, in fact, providing new answers to his problems. LEONARD WOOLF

A HERMIT'S CAVE

Private Road. By FORREST REID. *Faber and Faber.* 10s. 6d.

This book is a continuation of Mr. Reid's earlier study in autobiography, *Apostate*. It deals with himself as grown-up, and as a literary workman. Its main endeavour is to fit together two processes; living, and the utilisation of that living by the writer.

The book is thus probably a study which will appeal mostly to other writers, for a great number of "ordinary" readers will want a more highly seasoned revelation, and will be impatient of a man who can live so interestedly within himself and the practice of his craft. Mr. Reid's work is constantly imaginative, for he hardly ever records a fact without setting to work upon it with his quiet but intense rumination. His process, and its results in this book, are best and most economically described in the last paragraph:

> And this (he says, but not apologetically) brings me somewhat abruptly to the end of my notes. They have been growing, I am conscious, more and more like a commentary and less and less like an autobiography as they approach the present; but that, I think, was inevitable, and after all the commentary forms part of the story. Perhaps, indeed, in a story such as this, the chief part. For the external happenings, viewed in retrospect, were few and sober enough. The adventures all along lay in the interpretation, and therefore, as it seems to me now, became really most adventurous precisely in those quieter hours
>
> When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hushed,
> And the heart listens.

The book is indeed a commentary; but a commentary made to serve a purpose, or rather a passion. It is the passion for privacy, and for the conducting of all human relationships as an enhancement and nourishment of privacy. That is its ethical and social value to-day, when such a plea is so urgently needed as an antidote to the enforced getting-together which the war has necessitated.

But the critic is concerned not so much with the social value of the book at this particular moment, as with the delight which it can bring to the reader, and the revelation which it can make of the author's personality.

That personality appears to be no usual one. To begin with, its preoccupation with privacy gives it, by a sort of paradox of circumstance, a singular public emphasis. It was in this way that Diogenes *became* Diogenes; sufficient of a publicist to confound Alexander the Dictator. And it was not done with rational argument, for the hermit does not work that way. Mr. Reid says that "in questions of art, I am suspicious of the intellect," and one suspects that he is suspicious of it also in questions of life and conduct. For his touchstone is always psychic, aesthetic, in spite of the fact that he has set up, since his adolescent years, Socrates as his hero. But it was not Socrates the man of argument so much as Socrates the man with a genius for genial friendship; friendship the crown of privacy. It is a tentative grip upon life; half reluctant because unwilling to force an issue with the finalities dealt with by the religions. Mr. Reid emphasises his paganism, almost his hedonism, and one of the most quietly humorous passages in his book is the account of the first meeting with *A. E.* and of his inability to be interested in *A. E.'s* pseudo-visions, those oddities of mind which have always reminded me of the soul-paintings in *Bibby's Annual*.

What is most interesting about Mr. Reid's honest and clear-sighted analysis of himself is his success in showing that while he modelled himself as a writer on Pater, Anatole France and Henry James, he nevertheless had no inclination to art for art's sake, to mere preoccupation with word-patterning; but on the contrary has developed a sort of matter-of-fact prose style devoid of ornament with which he can do the most astonishingly lucid things. At his best, he can express in a few bald statements those "fallings from us, vanishings" which we associate with Wordsworth and, to-day, with Maurice Baring. In his smaller moments, he is more Cowper-like, and is content to sing the sofa, and to tell us about his dog and his cat, and last night's dreams. But it is all done with a fine concealing art, and never with preciosity.

Finally, he shows himself, quite unconsciously, possessed of an emotional nature stirred instantly and intensely by even the most slight contact with children. His descriptions of meetings with the sons of his friends, and of his friendships with them, have a beauty and clarity that can come only from a touch of genius in this matter. For me, they have overshadowed, or over-lighted, even the interesting traffickings with such people as Yeats, De la Mare, Synge, original and picturesque though such traffickings were. The book is indeed a proof of his argument that "if I had never written a line, and were never again to write one, that would not alter my conviction that the years of childhood, boyhood, and adolescence are the most significant. What follows is chiefly a logical development—the child being father of the man." RICHARD CHURCH

Week-end Competitions

No. 547

Set by Guy Innes

The usual prizes will be given for a Poem of any number of words up to 240 dealing with the high cost of smoking, and making use to the utmost of such extravagant and far-fetched rhymes as Barham's "Mephistopheles" and "cup of hot coffee lees," or Browning's "ranunculus" and "Tommy-make-room-for-your-uncle-us." The more polysyllabic the rhymes, the better.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 9th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 545

Set by Graham Bell

There appears each year a new crop of rhyming or pictorial alphabets for children. The usual prizes of two guineas and half a guinea are offered for a topical rhyming alphabet suitable for *New Statesman* readers.

Report by Graham Bell

This was a good competition, but too easy. There were a great many entries, nearly all entertaining. Several are eccentric—one on zoological lines, one on the names of flowers and a third which tried to be topical but was coloured by the Baconian theory. Two were devoted to adulation of the *N.S. and N.* Willy Tadpole started well with:

A is for Attlee and *B* is for Bluff
C for the children and *D* is for Duff.

J. Hurford has:

A for Appeasement a policy mild,
B for a battle, its Beautiful child

(a splendid entry which ends weakly). Antony Crowe had some good lines:

I's Information, the microphone voice.
No good boy will listen to *J* meaning Joyce.

Towanbucket is epigrammatic in a free rhythm:

I is Internment without discernment. . . .
N of course is the Navy—pure gravy.

Charles Furbank has:

D stands for Domville, the admiral bold
Whose link's now a chain, and whose home is a hold.

And:

U is for Unity, Hitler's old honey
It's lucky for him her old man's got money.

Richard Pomfret was nearly good enough to win, but was a little mechanical.

K. B. gets first prize, one of the best entries and from the Forces. Second prize goes, as you might expect, to J. C. B. Date.

FIRST PRIZE

A for the Aims, but they've gone from my head:
B for the Bellicose Phrases instead.
C stands for Churchill and nothing will flummock him:
D for Democracy—reason we stomach him.
E is the Emphasis put on this score:
F is the Feeling we've done it before.
G's for —— and —— and their little Games:
H stands for —— (you fill in the names).
I is for Ireland on whom they may call:
J is the Justice she don't get at all.
K for the Kids, causing Houseproud to moan:
L a few Pounds to the Treasury flown.
M for the Money and *M* for the Men:
N for the Noise when they're both called up. When!
O for the Ostrich—to Munich at speed:
P for the People who mostly agreed.
Q for the Quandary fated to follow it:
R for the Russians refusing to swallow it.
S for the Spanish Cuadillo's poses:
T for the Traitors right under our noses.
U the Unknown of immediate days:
V is for Vict'ry, most dangerous phase.
W the Wholeness of Europe; the Goal:
X for the marks we shall make at the poll.
Y is for Youth, though the Chamberlains flout it:
Z for Zilliacus who warned us about it. K. B.

SECOND PRIZE
A TOPICAL ALPHABET

A for Appeasement; it failed on That Man,
But there's no harm in trying a bit on Japan.
B is for Bombs and the Bombers that drop them.
C for the Cables we put up to stop them.
D's for Djibouti, a strategical spot
Mussolini would like, but hasn't yet got.
E for Emergency (war's just the same,
But the chaps in the Service prefer a long name).
F for the Finns whom we seem to've forgotten.
G for the Gossip Duff Cooper's so hot on.
H is for Halifax. Everyone's sure
That, whatever he does, his motives are pure.
I, Information; if you've got some, don't tell it.
J for Jibuti, if that's how you spell it.
K for Sir Kingsley, who wants us to pay,
But insists that it's done in an orthodox way.
L for the L.D.V.s, joining in millions,
To get their hand in by potting civilians.
M is for Musso, great conqueror of France,
And *N* for our Nerves, that are led such a dance.
O is for Oil, perhaps our salvation,
For the Axis can't turn without lubrication.
P is for Parachute; don't show surprise,
If a nun or a policeman floats down from the skies.
Q is for Quisling; a fortunate thing
For alphabet-makers, a name like Quisling.
R is for Russia, expanding so fast;
With three States in a day, even Hitler's surpassed.
S for Sir Samuel, who's gone to appease
Franco the gent., with his priests and grandees.
T is for Tea and the Two ounces ration.
U for Umbrellas, now quite out of fashion.
V is for Vichy, a nice spot, they say,
Where elderly soldiers fade quietly away.
W for Warbling that wakes us from bed
And *X* for the unknown that looms up ahead.
Y for the Yellow Press, whipping up hate
And *Z* for the Zero Hour we now await.

J. C. B. DATE

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

MAJOR ANGAS AND THE AMERICAN INVASION—CAPITAL LEVIES—OIL SHARES

THE bewildered recovery in the stock markets which followed upon Sir Kingsley Wood's incredible Budget did not last long. That was to be expected. It was largely a technical recovery anyhow, which was open to arrest by bad news from the Far East or the Home Front. And the passing of a final dividend by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company did not help matters in the equity share markets. The mental attitude of most investors to their securities has now become: "What the hell? When we win the war ordinary share values will be trebled, so why sell or exchange now? Let us concentrate on winning the war." I observe that Major L. L. B. Angas, who senses market trends better than most investment prophets, devotes an entirely new digest to political, economic and military affairs to the exclusion of the short-term outlook for Wall Street. This is putting first things first. Wall Street may be recovering to-day, but later on he forecasts another panic. I have often criticised Major Angas, but I must express my appreciation of his digest No. 65, which he calls "The Coming American Invasion." This startling title he justifies with the following argument:

1. If England is defeated, Hitler may get her fleet.
2. The combined fleets of Europe (quite apart from Japan) will in that event be four times as strong as the Atlantic fleet of America (ditto, the shipbuilding facilities).
3. Hitler might thus get control of the Atlantic and of South America and the Caribbean Islands.
4. Hitler wants world domination (he has said so) in order to make the Germans in Europe, and the Germans abroad, into a master race.
5. America might re-arm against Hitler. Hitler must prevent it. He must therefore act soon.
6. Technically, invasion is not difficult. The American army and navy are far too small.

Apparently Mr. Stimson agrees with Major Angas.

It is interesting to see that Major Angas considers that despite the current talk of invasion Germany will fight out her battle with England mainly in the air. "If absolute air superiority is obtained," he says, "ships can be sunk on the way to dock or the main line railways can be destroyed and the civilians successively bombed until at last the politicians make peace and give up their fleet (for the attack on America)." This is where Major Angas goes wrong. If he had not been so long away from the country, he would not think that Britain would make peace with Hitler. Major Angas forecasts that in a very short time a "Join the Germans Party" will develop, because America always falls for success.

* * *

It is not generally realised that a tax on capital is already being imposed by the Inland Revenue and the Treasury—and an unfair one. At the right time—perhaps after the war, when the increase in war wealth can be fairly gauged in every section of the community—a capital levy may be desirable, but at the moment it would not contribute anything to war finance. To reduce a portion of the National Debt by compelling existing property-owners to assume responsibility for it merely means a transfer of title to existing debt from one person to another: it does not affect the level of present consumption or direct the national output to the war effort. My present complaint, however, is that the Inland Revenue uses the Excess Profits Tax as a discriminatory capital levy on mining companies which are depleting their mineral reserves. Tin companies, for example, as Mr. Pearce of Southern Kinta pointed out, are being asked to step up production to a 130 per cent. quota (and so deplete their reserves) and then pay 100 per cent. E.P.T. on the excess production. Again, the Treasury is discriminating against holders of American securities by requesting them to hand over their dollar shares at the low level of the market against payment of sterling in London. Surely, if we are to have a capital levy, it should be equitably and fairly applied, and at the right time.

* * *

What is one to do about oil shares? Anglo-Iranian Oil fell on the passing of the final dividend from 1 $\frac{9}{16}$ to 1 $\frac{9}{32}$ and Burma Oil from 2 $\frac{9}{32}$ to 2. I advise shareholders not to be unduly disturbed. Shell Transport fell on the passing of their final dividend from 2$\frac{3}{8}$ to 1$\frac{1}{2}$ and subsequently recovered to 1$\frac{3}{4}$. Like Shell Transport, Anglo-Iranian have overdone their allowance for war losses in Europe. The declared net profits have fallen from £6,109,000 to £2,986,000. This cannot be explained by the falling-off in civilian petrol consumption, seeing that there must have been a heavy increase in the sales of fuel oil to the Admiralty. Both Anglo-Iranian and Shell Transport at 1$\frac{5}{8}$ and 1$\frac{3}{8}$ respectively represent lock-ups for capital appreciation against the defeat of Germany. For the time being the only safe oil shares appear to be the Trinidad group, in particular Trinidad Leaseholds and Trinidad Petroleum Development. Recently I advocated an exchange from Burma Oil to Trinidad Leaseholds which has gone the right way. Here are the present yields:

	Last Div.	Anticipated Div.	Price	Div. Yield
Trinidad Leaseholds £1	15%	20%	3	6⅔%
Trinidad & Petroleum Development £1 ...	15%	15%	37/6	8%

Trinidad Leaseholds sell their fuel oil to the British Admiralty and their petrol to the British consumer and Trinidad Petroleum have a sales contract with the Royal Dutch-Shell group. If children are safer in the U.S.A. money should be safer in Trinidad.

SUN GLARE

WAR STRAIN

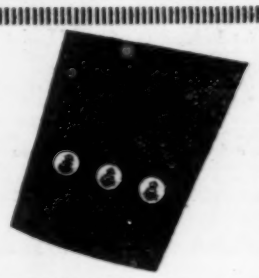
Glaring, dazzling light in the garden, on the tennis court, by the sea . . . microbe-laden dust in the street. And on top of all that there is the added strain of war conditions. No wonder your eyes begin to itch and ache and blink and water. No wonder your nerves are on edge. Do as Doctors and Opticians recommend. Bathe your eyes with Optrex. This cooling, soothing lotion washes away all irritating foreign matter, tones up the eye-nerves, brings back freshness and vitality to your eyes. Used regularly, it prevents watering, bloodshot whites, the ugly wrinkles caused by screwing up your eyes against painful glare, and guards you from most serious eye disorders.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined regularly by a Qualified Practitioner.

Obtainable from all chemists at 2/- (with free eye-bath) and 3/6, nearly three times the quantity (without eye-bath). Also Optrex Eye Masks in stylish, streamlined glass containers.

Optrex BRAND EYE LOTION

Optrex Limited, Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex.



The Midshipman *monopolises it . . .*

Who can blame our 'snotty' for wishing to corner the whole of the Navy's supply of Vinolia. Vinolia gives him such a perfect shave that in a tight corner his chin could be used to flash messages in the sun. But does the 'snotty' succeed in keeping Vinolia to himself? Not likely. All ranks shave with Vinolia. Vinolia rules the shaves.

VINOLIA FOR SHAVING

STICKS 1/-, 9d★ 6d. REFILLS 10d, 7½d
CREAM 1/6, 1/-. ECONOMY CAKE 3d.
Prices apply U.K. only.
★*In Bakelite Drainer Case.* VSS 111/183

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TO LET. Bachelor with spacious house and gardens and large income is willing TO LET others share the good fortune of his discovery of King Six Cigars. Applications should be made at any tobacconist's, at a cost of 8d.

HOVIS TRADE MARK

needs less Butter

It spreads more thinly and the ADDED WHEAT GERM makes it just as nutritious

Best Bakers Bake it

Macclesfield